

Wrestler THE

BILLY GRAHAM—
“SUPERSTAR” or “SUPERBUM?”

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TERROR
FROM
TEXAS!

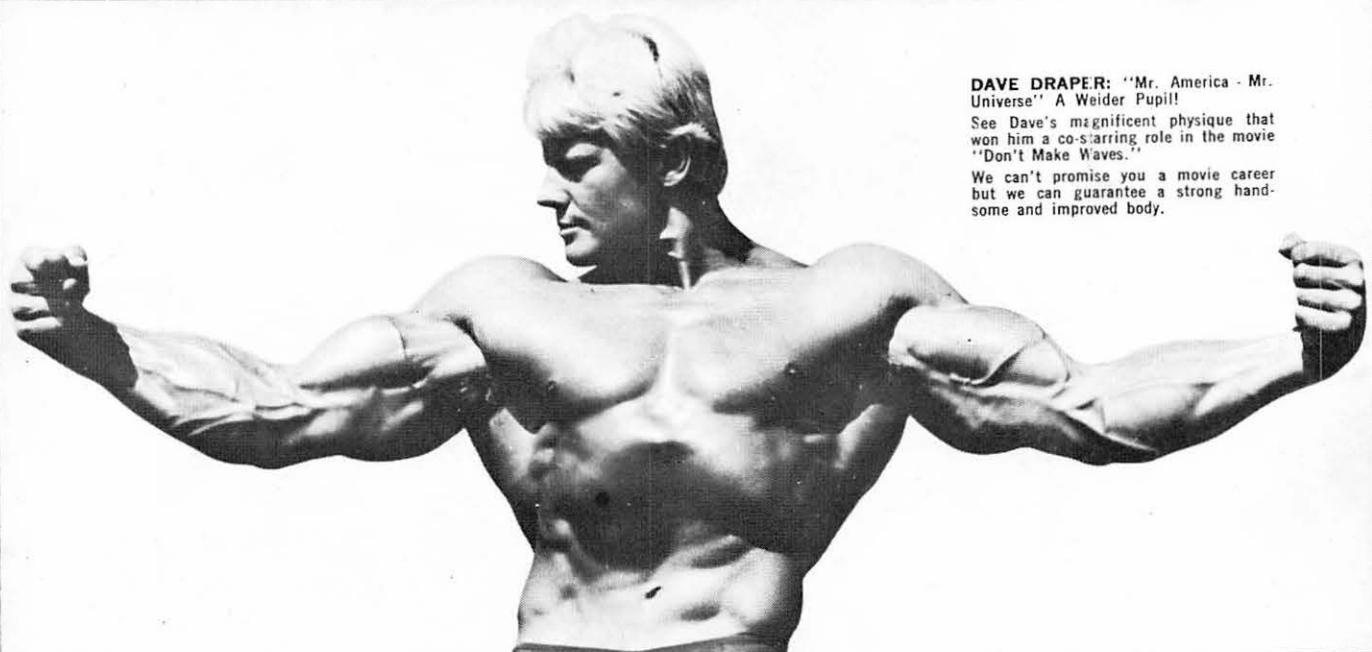


THE MAN WHO NEARLY
KILLED THE SHEIK
MAY NOW TEAM
UP WITH HIM!

George Steele Charges:
“I EXPOSED
MORALES FOR THE
PHONY HE IS!!!!”

THE NIGHT THEY
TRIED TO LYNCH
J.C. DYKES!

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Address _____
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DETACH ALONG DOTTED LINE.

TEAR OFF HERE

Wrestler

THE

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Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone _____ Area _____ Home, Bus., Other

IF MILITARY: Rank E- _____ Date Discharge _____

Serial Number _____

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PO2VS

OFFICIAL WRESTLING RATINGS

WORLD WIDE WRESTLING FEDERATION

- 1—PEDRO MORALES
- 2—BRUNO SAMMARTINO
- 3—THE SPOILER
- 4—GEORGE "ANIMAL" STEELE
- 5—FRED CURRY
- 6—MR. FUJI
- 7—SONNY KING
- 8—PROFESSOR TANAKA
- 9—CHIEF JAY STRONGBOW
- 10—EL OLYMPICO

AMERICAN WRESTLING ALLIANCE

- 1—VERNE GAGNE
- 2—EDOUARD CARPENTIER
- 3—IVAN KOLOFF
- 4—BARON VON RASCHKE
- 5—BRUISER
- 6—CRUSHER
- 7—SAILOR ART THOMAS
- 8—JEAN FERRE
- 9—WAHOO McDANIEL
- 10—WILBUR SNYDER

MIDGETS

- 1—LITTLE BEAVER
- 2—SKY LOW LOW
- 3—LORD LITTLEBROOK
- 4—WEE WILLIE WILSON
- 5—FRENCHY LAMONT
- 6—FARMER JEROME
- 7—BILLY THE KID
- 8—LITTLE BRUISER
- 9—SONNY BOY HAYES
- 10—HAITI KID



CHIEF JAY STRONGBOW



JEAN FERRE

NATIONAL WRESTLING ALLIANCE

- 1—DORY FUNK JR.
- 2—PAUL JONES
- 3—JACK BRISCO
- 4—BOBO BRAZIL
- 5—THE SHEIK
- 6—JOHNNY VALENTINE
- 7—TIM WOODS
- 8—JOHN TOLOS
- 9—GENE KINISKI
- 10—PAT PATTERSON

TAG TEAMS

- 1—THE KANGAROOS
- 2—MR. FUJI & PROFESSOR TANAKA
- 3—BLACKJACK LANZA AND BLACKJACK MULLIGAN
- 4—THE FARGOS
- 5—RAUL MATA & RAY MENDOZA
- 6—THE INFERNOS
- 7—RIP HAWK AND SWEDE HANSON
- 8—SAKAGUCHI & BABA
- 9—NICK BOCKWINKLE & RAY STEVENS
- 10—DUSTY RHODES AND LARRY HENNIG

WOMEN

- 1—FABULOUS MOOLAH
- 2—VIVIAN VACHON
- 3—VICKI WILLIAMS
- 4—PEGGY PATTERSON
- 5—JOYCE BECKER
- 6—TONI ROSE
- 7—ANN CASEY
- 8—DEBBIE JOHNSON
- 9—DONNA CHRISTENELLO
- 10—SUSAN GREEN



GENE KINISKI



VIVIAN VACHON

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Mr. Universe
Frank
Richard
says . . .

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SKINNY
GUYS!'

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FRANK RICHARD

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Vernon, B.C.

'I was very impressed on
how my weight increased
so rapidly and how my arms
and thighs expanded.'

—Colin O'hara,
2203 Southwest Rd.,
La Porte, Indiana

'Your course is fantastic. My
arms are thickening and getting
harder after every ses-
sion.'

—Robert Tremblay,
Wawa, Ontario

'Your course has not only
made me look, but feel
100% better. Thanks.'

—Ted Cartling, Box 223,
Shellbrook, Sask.

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LITTLE SHORT OF MIRACULOUS. Thin, skinny pupils have gained 10-20, even 30 lbs. of sexy, rippling muscle, while those flabby and overweight have quickly lost every last ounce of flab from their waists, hips and entire bodies. Instantly!

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P.O. Box 146 Brampton, Ont., Canada

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and that I may quit TENSILE CONTRACTION® at any time without
having to return the course.

NAME _____ AGE _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____
ZIP _____
(please print clearly)

HERE'S WHAT'S HAPPENING, BABY!

By Bill Apter

JACK BRISCO HAS stopped chasing Dory Funk Jr., at least for the time being. Now he's concentrating on beating Paul Jones and it's become "the most important thing in my life," Brisco stated.

In case you don't know by now, Jones is the man who defeated Brisco in a match in which the Oklahoman put up both his TV and Florida State titles. But Jack claims he won illegally.

"I was hit with a low karate thrust." Films, viewed by members of the National Wrestling Alliance, failed to confirm Brisco's charge.

"Since that time Jones has refused to give me a shot at my former titles," Jack complained. "He did put up the Brass Knucks title that he won from Boris Malenko in our most recent match. I beat him for it. But I won't sleep until I get my other belts back!"

"Brisco is a damn crybaby," Jones told our Florida correspondent. "Just to show what a great guy I am I offered to give him back the TV title. He thought I insulted him with this gesture—in front of *both* his fans—and busted the trophy over my head. What a sore loser!"

Since losing his Brass Knucks title to Brisco, Jones is not accepting another match with Jack. Jones claims "Brisco will never get the titles back

as long as I'm holding them. A man will have to beat me for them," he bragged. "Not a kid like Brisco."

Correspondent Bill Gibson reports from his North Carolina base that Brute Bernard and The Missouri Mauler are still holding tight to their Atlantic Coast tag team title.

"We've beaten every so-called top team on the Atlantic Coast," Bernard screamed in a recent interview. "When are they going to bring some competition to this part of the country? We're tired of wrestling losers like the Anderson Brothers, Apollo, George

Becker and their likes."

"That's right," The Mauler added. "If we don't get some good matches soon we're going to leave. Then wrestling will die in the Carolinas. The fans wouldn't turn out if we left!"

Our man in California—Larry Barnhizer—just returned home from a stay in Vancouver, British Columbia. There, he took in the matches and tells us, "Gene Kiniski, current Pacific Coast Champion, took one helluva beating from Dutch Savage. Only a double disqualification saved Gene from losing the belt."

"I'm as good as I ever was," Kiniski told reporters after the match. "I was on the verge of beating that bum when the referee disqualified us for throwing each other out of the ring. You can't compare me with Savage. I'm much tougher than he is. I should have his last name. It doesn't fit him at all!"

The Grand Wizard is the happiest man on earth—at least that's what he's told us.

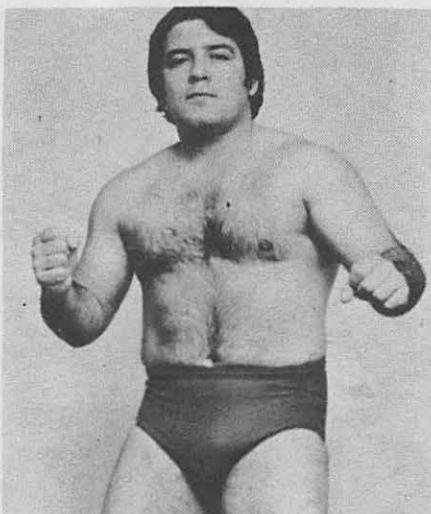
"I'm tickled pink because I have my very first tag team champion combination," Wizard glowed. "My devastating duo is comprised of Mr. Fuji and the one and only Professor Tanaka. Last month I told all my wonderful fans that we'd beat Chief Strongbow and Sonny King with ease by the time they'd read my words in this issue. You see—I didn't let you down! It's been a pleasure for you to gaze upon my words once again!"

Strongbow and King are quite disgusted with the decision of that title bout. King was pinned after Fuji had thrown a handful of salt into the popular soul man's eyes. "We could have beaten them with ease if they hadn't used that salt," Sonny charged.

Edouard Carpentier's fans are extremely happy because their hero won the Grand Prix Heavyweight title back from Mad Dog Vachon. He'd lost it just a few weeks before.

"I fought fire with fire this time," Edouard explained. "In the first match I tried to be a gentleman and I lost the belt. This past bout I exploded and gave Vachon a taste of his own medi-

(Continued on page 60)



While everyone was wondering when Jack Brisco was going to beat Dory Funk Jr., Paul Jones (above) defeated Jack. Gene Kiniski (left) managed to hold onto his Pacific Coast belt but only because of a double disqualification.





Don Bolander says: "Now you can learn to speak and write like a college graduate."

Is Your English Holding You Back?

"Do you avoid the use of certain words even though you know perfectly well what they mean? Have you ever been embarrassed because you pronounced a word incorrectly? Are you sometimes unsure of yourself in a conversation with new acquaintances? Do you have difficulty writing a good letter or putting your true thoughts down on paper?"

"If so, then you're a victim of *crippled English*," says Don Bolander, Director of Career Institute. "Crippled English is a handicap suffered by countless numbers of intelligent, adult men and women. Quite often they are held back in their jobs and their social lives because of their English. And yet, for one reason or another, it is impossible for these people to go back to school."

Is there any way, without going back to school, to overcome this handicap? Don Bolander says, "Yes!" With degrees from the University of Chicago and Northwestern University, Bolander is an authority on adult education. For almost twenty years he has helped thousands of men and women stop making mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, improve their writing, and become interesting conversationalists *right in their own homes*.

BOLANDER TELLS HOW IT CAN BE DONE

During a recent interview, Bolander said, "You don't have to go back to school in order to speak and write like a college graduate. You can gain the ability quickly and easily in the privacy of your own home through the Career Institute Method." In his answers to the following questions, Bolander tells how it can be done...

Question: What is so important about a person's ability to speak and write?

Answer: People judge you by the way you speak and write. Poor English weakens your self-confidence—handicaps you in your dealings with other people. Good English is absolutely necessary for getting ahead in business and social life. You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question: What do you mean by a "command of good English"?

Answer: A command of good English means you can express yourself clearly

and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation—also read rapidly and remember what you read. Good English can help you throw off self-doubts that may be holding you back.

Question: Are there other advantages to be gained by acquiring a command of good English?

Answer: Yes! Words are actually "tools of thought." The more you learn about words and how to use them to form and express your ideas, the better your thinking becomes. For this reason a command of good English often pays off in unexpected ways.

Question: Wouldn't I have to go back to school to gain a command of good English?

Answer: No, not anymore. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home—in only a few minutes each day.

Question: Is this something new?

Answer: Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, enlarge your vocabulary, develop your writing ability,

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Answer: There are thousands of letters in my files, testimonials from people in all walks of life who have used the proved Career Institute Method to achieve amazing results. If you send in the coupon below, I will share some of these letters with you.

Question: Who are some of these people?

Answer: The Career Institute Method is used by men and women of all ages. Some have attended college, others high school, and others only grade school. The method has helped business men and women, homemakers, industrial workers, clerks, secretaries . . . almost anyone you can think of.

Question: How long will it take me to learn to speak and write like a college graduate, using your method?

Answer: Some people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

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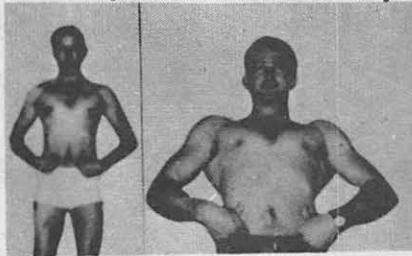
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REPORTS FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS

NEW YORK REPORT

By Ed Manolio &
Nick Barese

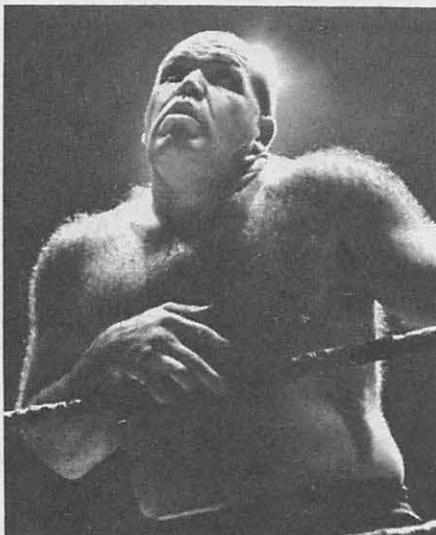
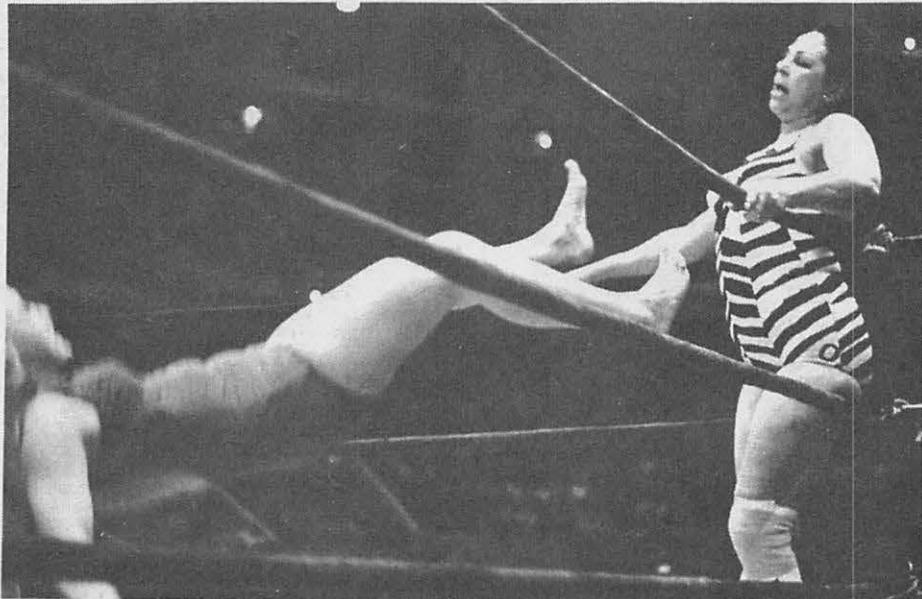
TWENTY THOUSAND FANS jammed Madison Square Garden to see wrestling history made as the lady wrestlers made their New York State debut. And what a great match promoters Willie Gilzenberg and Vince McMahon signed. The Fabulous Moolah put her world title on the line against top contender Vicki Williams.

Amid whistles from the male fans, Williams entered the ring. Following right behind her came Moolah. Vicki stared at the title belt around the champ's waist and must have thought, "It could go out around my waist!"

Next, referee Dick Kroll called the girls mid-ring to give them their instructions. After a brief session the match was underway.

Williams dazzled Moolah with flying dropkicks, body slams and other sensational aerial tactics. About 10 minutes into the match it looked as though Vicki might indeed take the title. But the sly Moolah's experience served to sway the match her way.

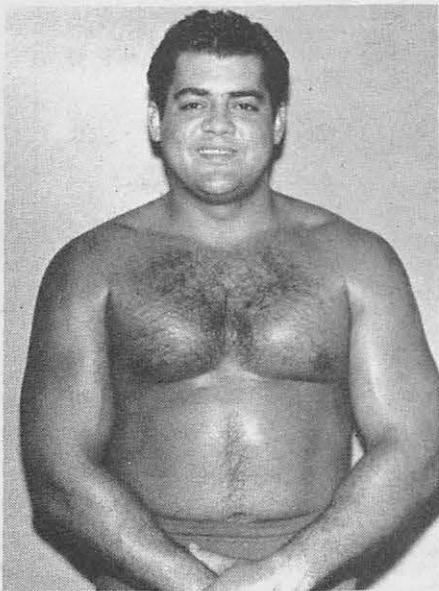
As Vicki tried a dropkick, when Moolah was trapped in a corner, the champ simply ducked and Vicki came smashing down, head first, on the mat. Mool-



Iah rolled her over in a reverse body press and it was all over. What a match!

World Wide Wrestling Federation kingpin Pedro Morales proved to be the top man once again as he upset George "Animal" Steele. Although this was a Texas Death Match, the referee seemed to make Steele hold off several times when the champ was in trouble. In this issue of THE WRESTLER there's an article by George Steele claiming the referees in New York are still "protecting" Pedro—as the Grand Wizard originally charged after Pedro's bloodbath with Stan Stasiak a few months ago.

Sonny King and Chief Jay Strongbow won by disqualification over the



Pedro Morales looks confident before stepping into the ring to tangle with George "The Animal" Steele in a Texas Death Match.

Vicki Williams (above) misses a dropkick aimed for the Fabulous Moolah and it costs her the win she wanted so badly. Left: Big George Steele claims the referee protected Morales (See P. 42).

team of Professor Tanaka and Ernie Ladd. It looks as though Ladd just can't get along with anyone. A few months ago he had an argument in the ring with then partner Jim Valiant. This time it happened with Tanaka.

"I don't need any tag team partners," Ladd bragged. "I can beat any team all by myself. Partners like Valiant and Tanaka just can't be trusted. They try and hog the spotlight. I don't like that one bit. I'd like to see Valiant and Tanaka team up and wrestle me. I'd beat them so fast they wouldn't know what hit them."

Eddie Graham teamed up with Don Curtis and wrestled to a draw with Dory Funk Sr. and son Terry... Eddie's son, Mike, made his New York debut a successful one by stopping Juan Caruso... Flyin' Fred Curry entered W.W.W.F. territory and slammed Joe Nova... Gorilla Monsoon dumped The Black Demon.

CANADA CALLING

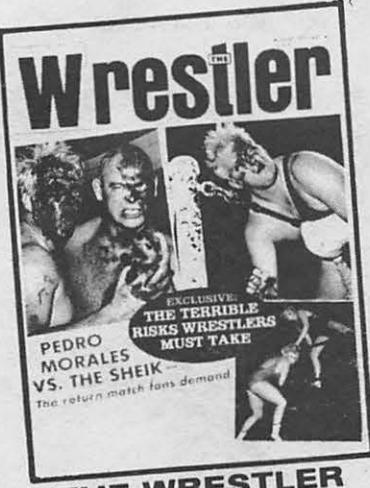
By Larry Barnhizer

A fabulous show at Exhibition Gardens in Vancouver, B.C., was headlined by a title clash. It featured the newly-crowned Pacific Coast champ—(Continued on page 64)

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YOU ASKED US

Okay fans. You asked for it and here it is. Each month either INSIDE WRESTLING or THE WRESTLER will publish *your* column—"YOU ASKED US." Just jot down a question and the wrestler you'd like us to ask it to and send it to: You Asked Us, THE WRESTLER, P.O. Box 58, Rockville Centre, N.Y. 11571. Questions will be answered only in this column.

Q: Have Bearcat Wright and Bobby Shane settled their differences yet?—Mark Lovell, Macon, Ga.

A: Absolutely not! According to insiders, Bearcat has been teaming with some of his former enemies—people like Boris Malenko and Tim Woods—in hopes of luring Shane into a tag team match. He's even revised his earlier stand against wrestling Bobby in Florida. But Bobby's refused to get in the ring with Bearcat so far.

Q: Will Roberto Soto ever team up with his brother Manuel?—Sylvia Greco, Charlotte, N.C.

A: "Roberto and I teamed up many years ago," Manny explained, "and we even won a few tag team titles. But both of us prefer wrestling single. When he feels like teaming he'll usually call on his good buddy Bob Armstrong. Also, we used to argue occasionally

about strategies we should use in tag matches. Those arguments spoiled our teamwork. So now when we wrestle in tag matches—it's not with each other."

Q: Would Terry Funk ever wrestle his brother for the world title?—Larry Whelan, Los Angeles, Calif.

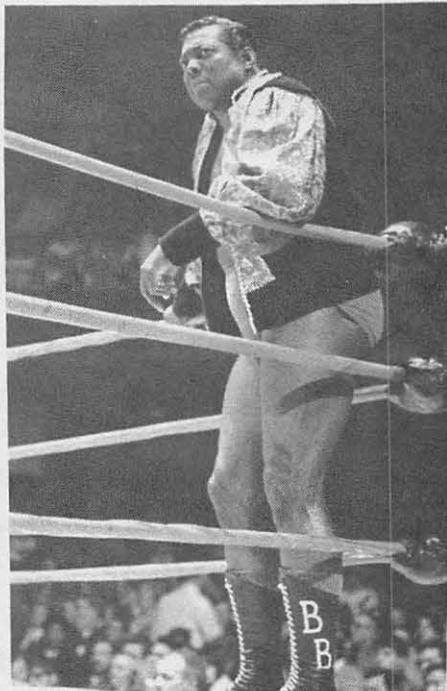
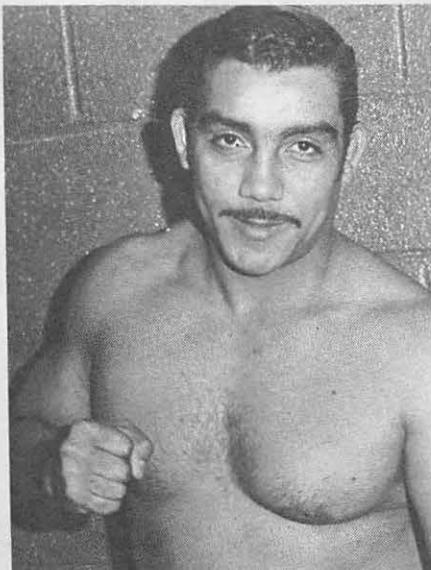
A: "I think you know the obvious answer to that," Terry chuckled. "Of course not. In a way, though, it's a shame. I'm at the peak of my career. I've never felt better in my life. If either Morales or Gagne would put their titles on the line against me I'd be glad to accept the match. I think there should be a Funk as champion of each major alliance. I could be the W.W.W.F. champ, Pop could hold the A.W.A. belt and Dory would keep the one he's got now!"

Q: Why is George Steele called "The Animal?"—Miguel Hellena, Brooklyn, N.Y.

A: If you've ever seen George wrestle you wouldn't ask that question. "I've seen that man chew up the inside of the ring post!" said announcer Vince McMahon Jr. "He's not interested in winning matches. He just wants to cripple opponents and enjoys watching them drown in their own blood!"

Q: Would you ask Bobo Brazil who his toughest opponent was?—Linda McQuade, Detroit, Mich.

Manny Soto explains that though he and his brother are very close they prefer not to work as a team.



U.S. Heavyweight Champion Bobo Brazil thinks The Sheik is the toughest opponent he's ever met.

A: "I can answer that in two words," Bobo said. "The Sheik! He's everybody's toughest. There's never been another like him!"

Q: What ever happened to Roy Heffernan, one of the original Kangaroos?—Gary Cardasco, Joplin, Mo.

A: "Roy is still wrestling in Australia," former tag team partner Al Costello told us. "He loves Australia too much to leave for an extended period of time, but he tells me he might make a short trip to the States soon. By the way, he sends his regards to all his old fans."

Q: Since splitting up with Crush-

er, Red Bastien has gone down to Texas and won the American Championship. But what happened to Crusher?—Lauri Whiteside, Minneapolis, Minn.

A: Crusher has gone to Detroit where he's resumed an old partnership of long standing—with Dick the Bruiser. "I'm delighted to have Crusher back where he belongs—alongside me," Bruiser stated. "The world tag team championship is as good as ours right now!"

Q: We hear stories about certain wrestlers not being given a chance to win certain titles. Are the champions allowed to pick their opponents?—Stefanie Grant, Memphis, Tenn.

A: It's the promoter who arranges matches for the title-holder. He has the last word. But in some areas the person holding the belt can specify that he doesn't want to defend it against certain individuals. If his reasons are good enough the promoter may honor his wishes, but that rarely, if ever, happens.

Q: What's Johnny Powers been up to lately?—Jack Olen, Buffalo, N.Y.

A: Since losing the National Wrestling Federation belt and then winning the North American title a few months later, Powers is taking it easy for awhile. "I don't wrestle as often as I used to because I want to spend more time in the gym. When I held the heavyweight title I'd often wrestle six nights a week. I didn't get a chance to train much. It put me out of shape and I lost the title. Now I want to make sure I'm back in top shape before challenging for it again."

Q: We've heard arguments about which areas have the best wrestling. Among the insiders, which is considered the best area?—Dale Mecklinger, Eau Claire, Wisc.

A: It depends upon what you mean by the "best" area. Best for what? Generally speaking, insiders consider southern California as about the best area since promoter Mike Lebell seems to have the knack of getting wrestlers from all federations and alliances to appear there.

Q: Do former partners Mark Lewin and Don Curtis still keep in contact?—Sam Scaccia, East Meadow, N.Y.

A: "Mark never writes anymore," Curtis moaned. "He used to but his hand gets a bit lazy, I guess. But we do keep in touch by phone every few months. I'd write to him but I never know where he's going to be. He loves to travel so much you just can't keep track of him. But we're still close friends."

Q: Who is the highest paid wrestler in the United States?—Malcolm Donner, Pensacola, Fla.

A: Only the wrestlers and the Internal Revenue Service know for sure. But the biggest earners include Verne Gagne, The Sheik, Bruiser, Bruno Sammartino, Dory Funk Jr., Pedro Morales, Johnny Valentine and Killer Kowalski. However, many of those men work six days a week!

Q: Who did Dory Funk Jr. win the N.W.A. title from?—Terry Emrich, Golden, Colorado.



N.W.A. Heavyweight Champion Dory Funk Jr. won his title from the rugged Canadian Gene Kiniski.

A: Dory won the crown from Gene Kiniski.

Q: Why do so many great wrestlers come from Oklahoma?—Greg Cranwell, Little Rock, Arkansas

A: According to Jack Brisco, himself an Oklahoman, it's because high schools and universities place such an emphasis on wrestling. Some high school matches draw upwards of 5,000 people—more than high school football draws in New York City, for example.

Q: You once wrote that Johnny Valentine "invented" the Atomic Skullcrusher. My friend says he didn't. Who's right?—David Powell, Seattle, Wash.

A: "I didn't exactly invent it," Valentine said, "but I perfected it and was the first to popularize it. Since I started using it many other wrestlers have adopted it. But I was the first."

Q: Did anybody ever win the world title more than once?—Sue Stiller, Indianapolis, Ind.

A: Lou Thesz holds the modern record. He won it six different times! □



Mark Lewin and Don Curtis looked like this when they were one of wrestling's greatest tag teams.



BACK ISSUES OF THE WRESTLER



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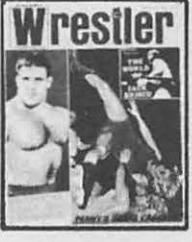
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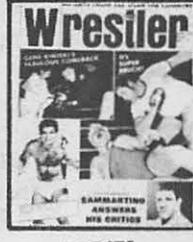
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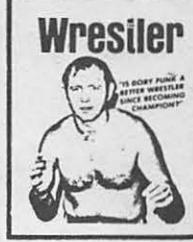
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THE WRESTLER

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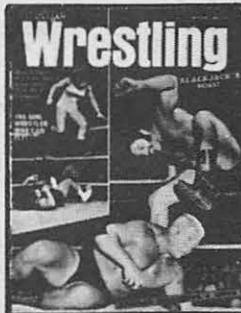
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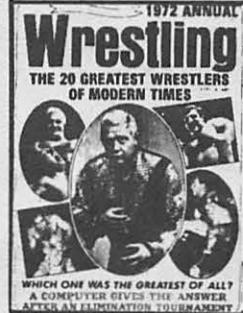
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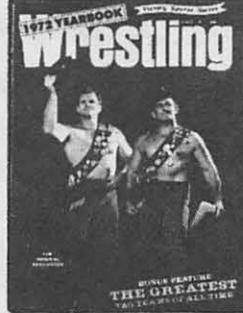
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TEENAGE

She's only 19 years old. But she's six feet tall, quick as a cat, and already wrestling every top name in the sport. She's Susan Greene and before she's through she's gonna turn the wrestling world upside down.



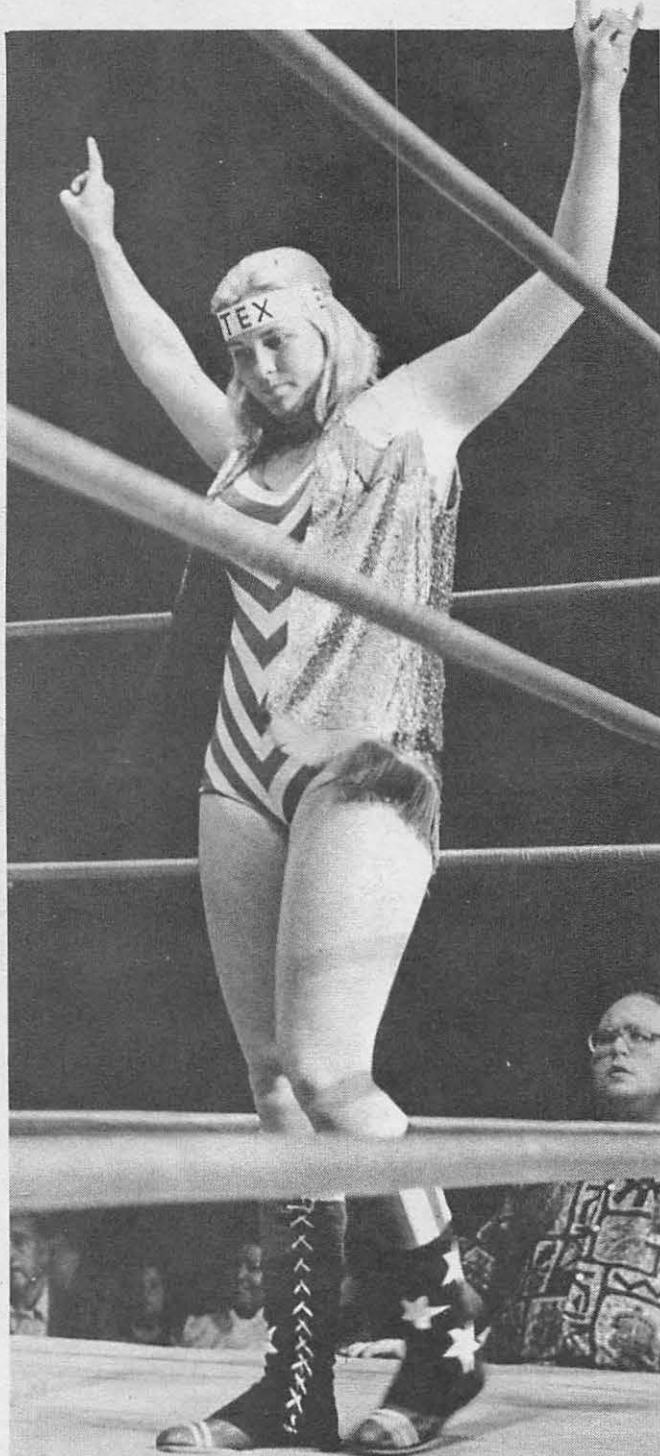
DONNA CHRISTENELLO SAT on a bench in her dressing room and joked with reporters and photographers who popped questions at her. With her usual confidence, Donna answered the questions, most of which were about the new teenage sensation she'd be wrestling that night.

"Susan Green, Susan Green, Susan Green," Donna repeated over and over again. "All I hear is Susan Green. What's so great about Susan Green? She's a kid. A baby. She's 19 years old. How's she gonna stand

Pretty Susan Greene (above) is the most exciting young girl to enter wrestling in years. Right: Popular Sue stands six feet tall!!!

a chance against me? Come see me after the match. Then we'll see how great this Susan Green really is!"

If Donna Christenello was taking Susan Green lightly, nobody else was. For most of the reporters this would be the first chance they'd have to see the young phenomenon in ac-



tion. And like Miss Christenello, few believed she could actually be as sensational as the rumor mill claimed she was.

"I've seen these young kids come and go before," said one veteran wrestling scribe. "They build themselves a reputation out in the sticks

TERRO

FROM TEXAS!



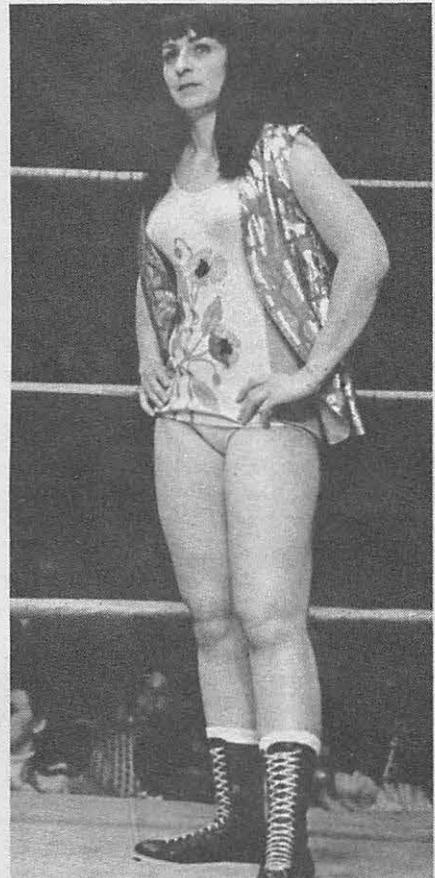
When you're being belted by six-foot-tall, 145-pound Sue Greene—you know you've been hit, as Donna Christenello, who looks like a child by comparison, finds out. Donna admitted Sue is very good. "She must be good," Donna reluctantly added, "she held me to a draw, didn't she?"

somewhere and then they hit the big time, meet someone like Donna Christenello, and you never hear about them again. This one's probably no different."

However, few newcomers ever excited fans all over the country as this young girl. Gene Gordon, a long-

time correspondent for THE WRESTLER and a man who knows his stuff, sent back a rave review after seeing this girl in action in Georgia in a match against world champion Fabulous Moolah.

"She's only 19," Gene wrote, "but she's already up there in a class with



Donna Christenello appears quite confident before her match with Sue. She refused to be bothered by the youngster's reputation.

Moolah, Peggy Patterson, Paula Kaye and Toni Rose. She wrestled Moolah and *she had her beat*—only to lose the match when she missed a flying head scissors. If this girl isn't the world champion within a few years then I don't know anything about wrestling!"

Every place Sue appeared the reports were the same. "Sensational! Fantastic! Unbelievable! Beautiful! Sexy! Dynamic! Great!" Those are only some of the adjectives correspondents have used to describe her.

And what about the girl who has caused so many people to flip?

Well, first of all, Susan's six feet tall! She has the face of an angel,

the smile of the girl next door, the figure of a Playboy bunny and the natural athletic ability of an Olympic champion!

Sue is from Alice, Texas, and is the youngest professional woman wrestler competing today. A pro for only two years, Sue became interested in the sport in high school where she participated in track and field, basketball, tennis and swimming.

Since her father was an ardent wrestling fan, she used to accompany him to Corpus Christi whenever he went to the wrestling matches. And unlike some parents, Sue's folks were delighted when she decided to make the mat her career.

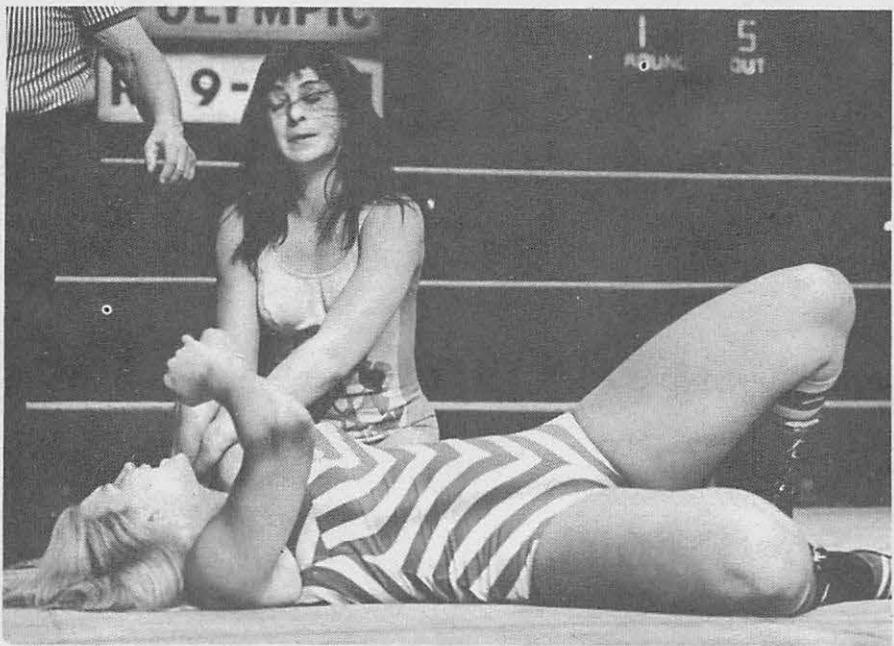
After she finished high school, Sue went to see promoter Floyd Emerson in Corpus Christi. Floyd, a former wrestler himself, who used to go under the name of "Pretty Boy Floyd," was captivated by the girl's sincerity and good looks. "She has everything," Floyd remembers thinking to himself. "If she can wrestle she'll be a superstar."

Floyd found that out soon enough. Sue is such a natural athlete she took to wrestling like a duck takes to water. "At first I told her it'd probably take a year just to get her ready," Floyd recalls, "but once I saw what

she could do I knew it wouldn't take nearly that long. I trained her in three months and she was ready. She's the quickest learner I ever met."

Almost as soon as she turned pro Susan's star began to rise. Promoters throughout the south raved about this pretty Texan with the hazel eyes and dynamite figure. Oh yeah. One other thing. Man... could she wrestle!

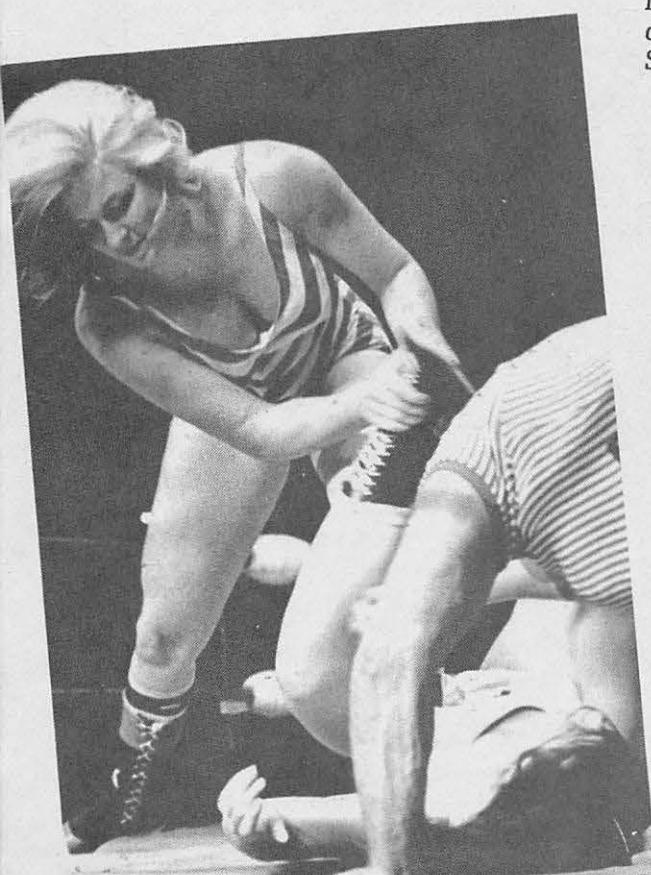
"I've been an athlete for as long as I can remember," Sue told us in her soft, Texas drawl. "Daddy told me I was swimming before I was talking and I've always been interested in sports. I knew I wanted to remain in sports but in swimming you're washed up when you're 18. So I turned to wrestling, hoping some day to be a pro. Now that I am I can say it's everything I hoped it would be. I get a chance to travel and meet



Donna manages to get Sue flat on her back, but the Texan quickly kicked her way out of the hold. Always an athlete, Sue learned to swim before she learned how to talk or walk!



Sue goes for an early pin (left) with a stepover toehold, but Donna raises her right arm off the mat in time. Above: Donna gains a temporary advantage with a reverse wristlock but Sue's strength stopped Donna from maintaining it.



nice people from all over the country. I've been very lucky."

Luck, most people have said, has nothing to do with it. Many experts claim they've never seen a girl come into wrestling with such natural athletic ability, much of which she credits to swimming. Sue won four medals and two ribbons at the Junior Olympics!

For the first two years Sue remained mostly in the south, wrestling in

mixed matches in Texas and becoming a big star in Virginia, the Carolinas and Georgia. She received a tremendous honor when Vince McMahon signed her to appear in Madison Square Garden to wrestle the Fabulous Moolah on only the second Garden card in history to feature women!

Promoters throughout the U.S. were scrambling over each other trying to sign Susan. And when Olym-

pic Auditorium impresario Mike Lebell signed her, he called it "one of the most rewarding moments of my career."

That was what brought Susan to her match against Donna Christenello and why reporters and photographers were talking about nothing else. And only Donna refused to climb on the bandwagon. "If she can stay with me," Donna mused, "then I'll know she's good."

By the time the match ended, it wasn't a question of whether Susan could "stay" with Donna or not. The Texan gave the girl who is one half of the world's tag team champions (along with Toni Rose) a terrible time. And only Donna's experience prevented it from becoming a rout.

"Yeah, she's good," Donna reluctantly said afterwards. "She's good and she's big and she's strong. I'd have to say she's exceptional for a kid her age. She held me to a draw. Not too many wrestlers can do that."

Sue, on the other hand, was just overwhelmed with all the reporters and photographers surrounding her after the match. "I consider myself very fortunate to get a draw with someone as great as Donna Christenello," she noted. "She's one of the best there is."

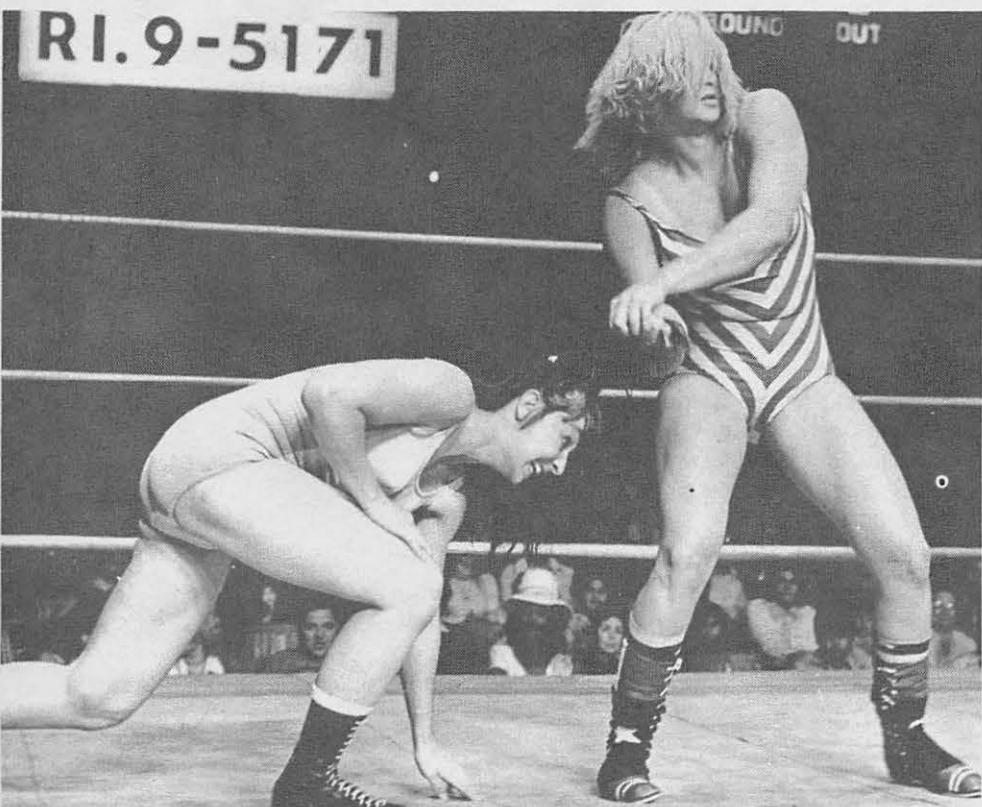
Sue is strictly scientific. But she can get rough when the occasion calls for it. Mostly she relies on strength and speed. Her 145 pounds consist mainly of muscle, and combined with her height makes her an immovable object. "I don't remember any girl wrestler as tall as she," Mike Lebell noted, "and I certainly don't remember any as strong."

Many people compare Sue with Vivian Vachon, another tall grappler who uses speed and strength well. In fact, most experts believe Vivian is the only one who would prove very tough for Susan to handle because of their similar styles.

At this stage of her life Sue is still a bit awestruck at the attention she's been getting. She's almost embarrassed by it. "Y'all shouldn't write such nice things about me," she said shyly, "because I'm just startin' out. Heck, I'm not in the same league with gals like Moolah and Toni Rose and some of the others."

But it's obvious she is. Susan "Tex" Green is on the verge of becoming one of the biggest superstars in the history of girl wrestling. And the amazing thing is that she's only 19 years old! □

RI. 9-5171



Hair covering her eyes (above), Sue Greene looks like an Amazon as she drags Donna Christenello around the ring by her hair. Below: Donna's legs are as twisted as a pretzel as Sue puts pressure on this leglock.



His Own Manager Admits... ABDULLAH THE BUTCHER

THE BLACK BARON is a mysterious, well-built man who nurses a grudge against wrestling and everyone in it. Just as nobody knows who he is... nobody knows why he has such a burning hatred for everyone connected with the sport. Perhaps if his identity was revealed his reasoning would also become obvious.

Nobody paid much attention to the Black Baron until recently. Because only recently has he popped up as manager of one of the most vicious animals in wrestling—Abdullah the Butcher. And since coming under the Black Baron's guidance, Ab-

dullah is more maniacal than ever!

Abdullah the Butcher has *never* been interviewed. He doesn't speak English. And even if he did it's doubtful any reporter would be brave enough to get close to this wild man. I was merely in the same room and almost got killed! I'll never do it again! So I found out about Abdullah from the only man who can get close to him—the Black Baron.

"Technically," the Baron began, "I am not this man's manager. Let's say I *own* this man. The man is an animal. He's crazy...he's vicious...he's unpredictable. Remember. This is a man who was put away in an insane asylum due to the fact that he turned on his own manager...the man before me...Eddie Creachman.

"This is a man who should be lock-

ed up. He should not be allowed to walk the streets. But I put him on the streets. I have a great debt to pay back to wrestling and the only way I could do it was to find a beast...an animal...a vicious maniac who has no heart. I've found that man in Abdullah the Butcher."

What kind of hatred could allow a man to take someone as obviously unstable as Abdullah the Butcher and allow him the freedom to mingle with average citizens? The Black Baron refused to disclose the details.

"I have revenge to dish out to certain people. I hide my identity for the simple reason that I am managing an animal. He does my dirty work for me. I'd rather not let anyone know who I am because wrestlers would try to get back at me because of what he does to them.

Abdullah the Butcher stands alongside his new manager, the Black Baron (left), who translates for him. Below: Abdullah punishes Bobby Marshall with his deadly elbow smash to Marshall's neck.



IS A CRAZY UNPREDICTABLE ANIMAL!!!

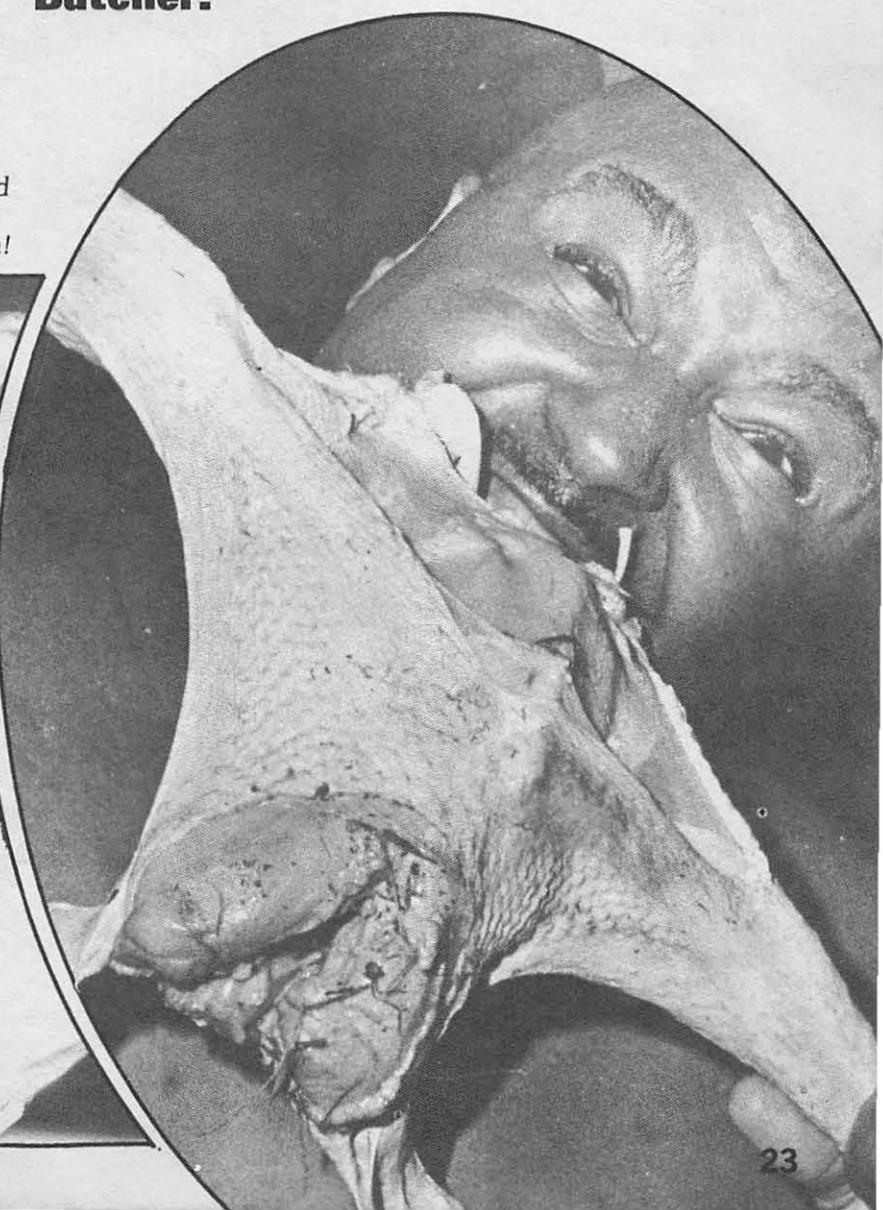
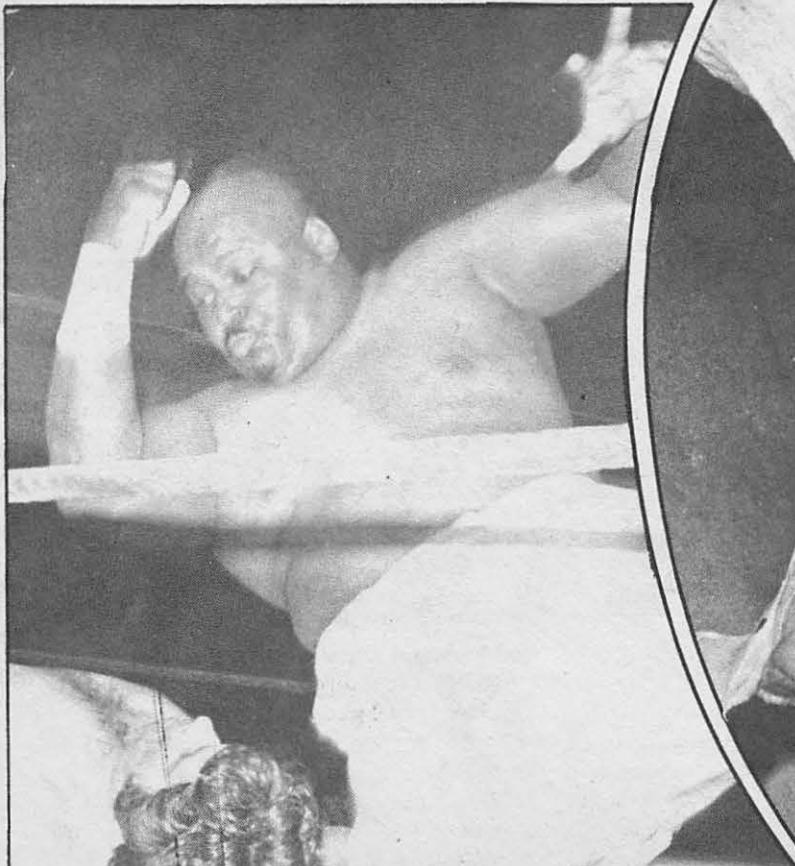
He will put many of them in the hospital and destroy them."

Since so little is known about Abdullah the Butcher, the Black Baron agreed to fill us in. But even he admits he doesn't know most of what there is to know about the man he owns.

"There's not too much to say about the man," the Baron began, "except that he's from the Sudan. Now this man had to literally wrestle and fight for his food: In that country they didn't pay in money. They paid off in food. By looking at the man you can tell he won quite a few matches because he's big and healthy.

Abdullah (right) is photographed while devouring his traditional post-bout snack—a raw chicken!

"I have a debt to pay back to wrestling," says the Black Baron, "and the only way I could do it was to find a beast ... an animal...a vicious maniac who has no heart. I've found that man in Abdullah the Butcher."



But he'll eat anything he can get his hands on—cooked or raw. That comes from when he was a child and had to scavenge through the garbage for dinners. It helped turn him into the maniac he is.

"He is, as a matter of fact, completely nuts. I can handle this man, however, very easily. I have secrets. All my life I have studied the unknown. I know all there is to know about the maniacs and weirdos. I also have a special whistle I blow that nobody else can hear. It's like a dog whistle and I use it whenever he gets out of control. That's why I say he's an animal. He's like a wild dog and I handle him like one."

"On the other hand, Abdullah is like a big baby in a way. When he's hurt he squeals and cries like a rabbit when it's hurt. He gets himself into a panic and he's frightened half to death. Then my whistle wakes him out of it and turns him again into a maniac."

"He has a vicious head and an elbow that can smash boards. Many people feel he hides foreign objects beneath his elbow pad or in his trunks but he doesn't have to. I've seen him smash bricks with his elbow. If he ever takes a pencil or another foreign object into the ring he does it for his own protection because he's so scared. And when he's scared he goes insane. Then if he uses a foreign object I don't mind because I want him to injure every opponent he wrestles. But as far as his elbow is concerned he doesn't need anything to make the damage worse. He can kill a man with it."

The reason the Black Baron can control Abdullah, according to the Baron, is because he's the only man Abdullah really fears. What caused Abdullah to fear him so? Believe it or not, it was the fact that the Baron got Abdullah sprung from the insane asylum. This led the Butcher to believe the Baron was an extremely important man with connections in high places. Any man who could get him out of the asylum, he reasoned, is so important and powerful he is a man to be feared.

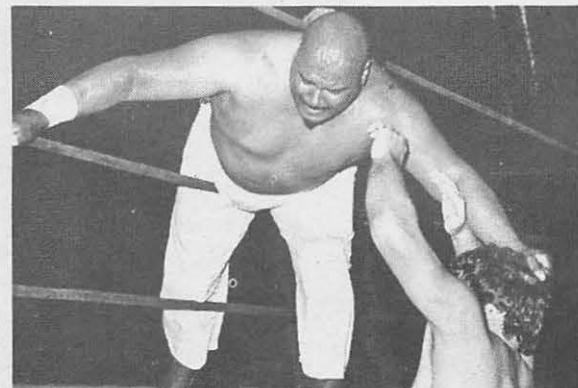
"I'd heard a lot about Abdullah and thought he might just be the man to help me settle my score with the other wrestlers," the Baron explained. "At the time he was in the maximum security wing of an insane asylum in a foreign country I'll not



Abdullah and Eddie Creachman, the Butcher's former manager, pose with the Asiatic title belt during their happier days. They had a falling out and Abdullah wound up attacking and hospitalizing his manager. Abdullah's new manager uses a dog whistle to control the Butcher.



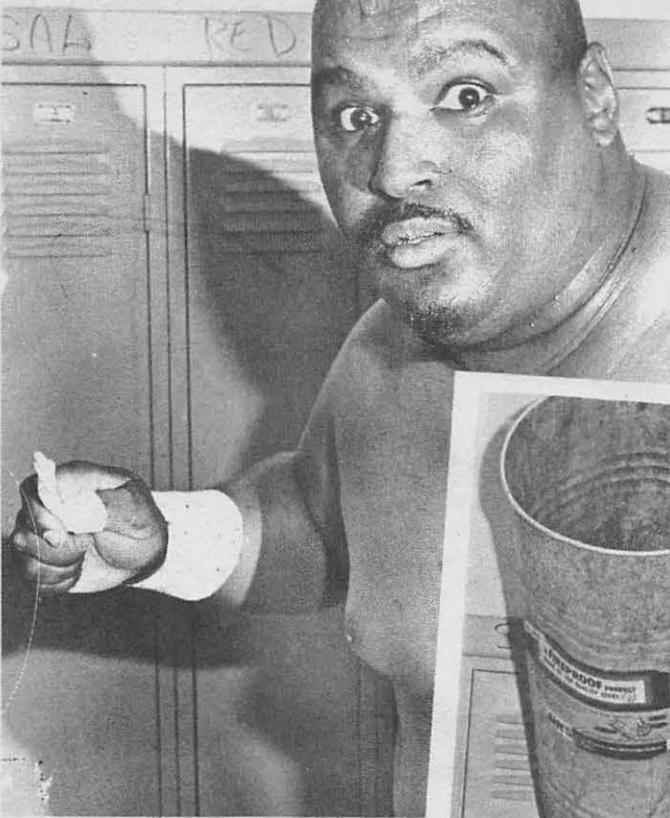
Abdullah tries to tie Bobby Marshall up in the ropes (above), but the referee made him break the hold. That didn't stop Abdullah, however. Right: He grabs Marshall by the hair just before he rammed him—head first—into the steel corner turnbuckle.



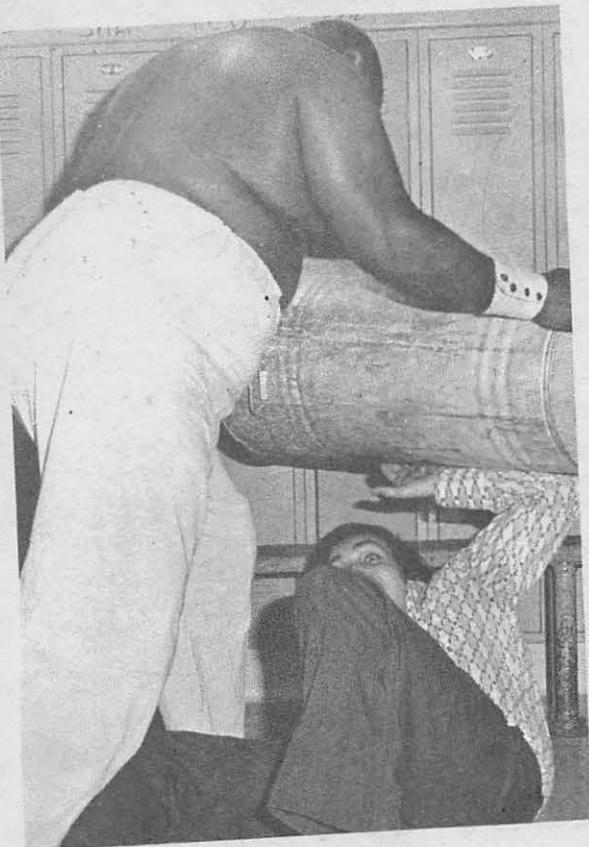
name. I explained I wanted to take him out of the asylum and bring him back with me to the United States.

"They told me it was impossible . . . that no man could handle him . . . and that he'd probably kill me the first chance he got. Besides, only a relative could be held responsible

for him and since he had none that anybody knew about there was just no way. Fortunately, I had a friend who had a friend who was a bigshot in the American Embassy and I got myself appointed Abdullah's legal guardian. As strange as it sounds Abdullah is in this country as part



As our photographer shoots a picture of Abdullah stuffing a foreign object into his trunks before a match (top, left), the maniac notices him and he charges towards the camera. Right: When the photographer escapes, the Butcher picks up a trash can (right) and turns his attention to reporter Bill Apter. Left: Always heroic, our photographer comes back just in time to get a picture of Apter getting clobbered. Apter now refuses to interview Abdullah—ever again. Do you blame him?



of the 'cultural exchange' program since that's the only way you can bring in foreign athletes. The whole thing was an incredible story.

"Finally I got him sprung. Admittedly, I was scared. Remember. One of the reasons he was in the asylum to begin with was because he'd

attacked and nearly killed his previous manager. But he's so impressed with my getting him out of that place he'd never do the same thing to me. In fact, he's like having a bodyguard... my own private German Shepard. Even in New York City muggers stay away from me

when they get a look at him."

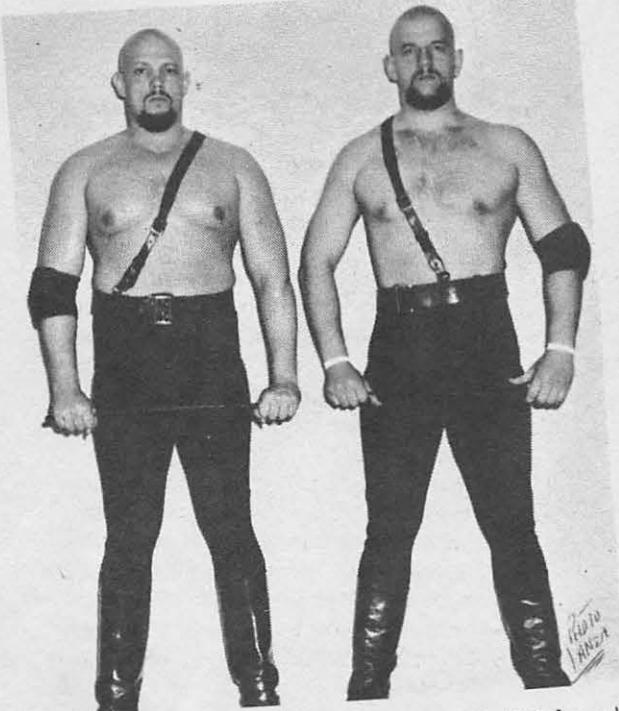
Under the Black Baron's guidance Abdullah has calmed down to the extent that he often appears without his manager. "It's not very often I'm with him any more," the Baron said. "That's why I'm really not his manager as much as I'm his owner. I'm his legal guardian. But I don't teach him anything about wrestling. He knows all there is to know. I just select his opponents. Only when there's somebody I want to see get slaughtered with my own two eyes—someone like Dom DeNucci—do I handle him from ringside. Otherwise he's pretty much on his own."

While we spoke to the Black Baron I noticed that Abdullah, standing

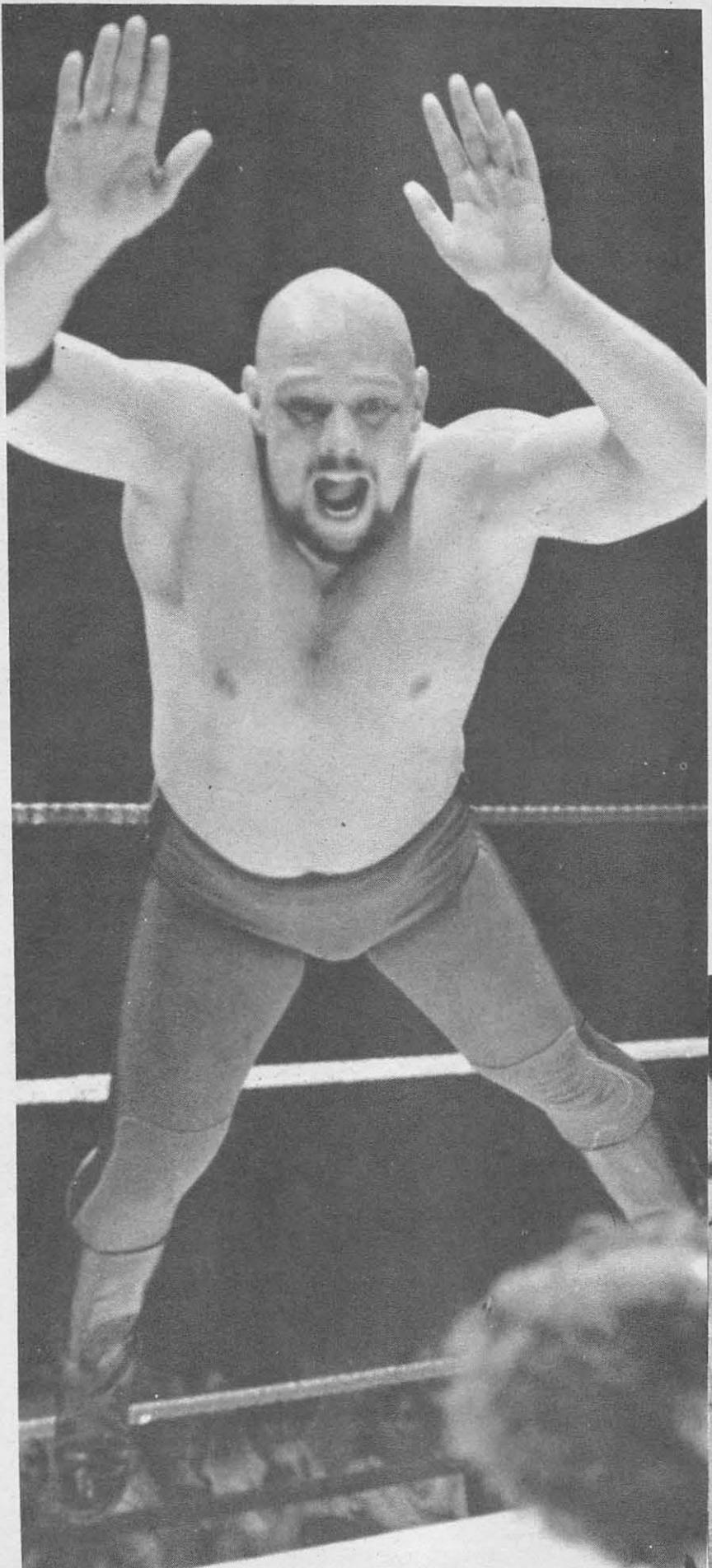
(Continued on page 62)

**VON HESS AND
VON SHOLT BRAG:**

**"WE'RE
STILL THE
MASTER
RACE AND
WE WILL
PROVE IT!"**



Kurt Von Hess and Karl Von Sholt (above) are cousins who're out to avenge World War II. Right: Von Hess dives on Gino Brito, but Brito rolls away in time.



KURT VON HESS and Karl Von Sholt remember it well, although they were too young to have seen it. They recall films showing the young, uniformed German boys goose-stepping down the main street of Dresden, Germany, during a parade. And they remember the pride they felt as they watched those films. They made a vow when they saw those films—a vow that because of an incredible set of circumstances they may now be able to keep.

"Kurt and I are cousins," Karl explained in a thick, Prussian accent. "When we were youngsters we lived next door to one another in our town of Dresden. That was the town the Allies fire-bombed. Neither of us remember the bombing. For that matter neither of us remember the war. But we saw what the Allies had done to our town and our families and friends and we knew we'd hate them

for the rest of our lives."

"When we were about six years old," Kurt continued, "we were in a movie theater and saw a documentary film about Germany during World War II. We saw the great uniforms, Hitler's speeches, the pride everyone had in the Fatherland. It was an awe-inspiring sight for young men.

"We read everything we could about the Third Reich and Hitler. I've read *Mein Kampf* at least a dozen times. And we both came to the same conclusion. The *Feuerher* was right! We are the master race! And had his generals not sold him out we'd be ruling the world to this day!"

When he was about eight years old Kurt's family moved to another part of Germany and he lost contact with his cousin Karl. But even though they were apart, the two boys kept dream-

ing of the day when they could be wearing those sharp-looking uniforms and have people cheering for them while they marched down the main street of Dresden.

Both boys were well built and both boxed and wrestled in high school. Eventually they both became professional wrestlers. But neither had corresponded with or heard about the other for years and years. Then, one night in Montreal, it happened.

"I was wrestling in Montreal," Karl remembered, "and I saw the name of Kurt Von Hess on the card. He was new in that area and I wanted to get a look at him—to see if he was really a German or some American clown imitating one.

"I watched the pride with which he carried himself, his bearing, his mannerisms, his stature, and I knew I was seeing a true representative of the master race. I anxiously awaited for him to demolish his opponent so I could talk to him. I hadn't spoken to anyone from the old country for a long time."

Kurt and Karl met sooner than Karl figured. Kurt was wrestling Gino Brito and giving him a pretty good going over. When Jacques Rougeau ran into the ring to help Brito, Karl also ran in to even things up. The two Germans literally had to stomp and kick and punch their way back to the dressing room to avoid the riot which broke out because of their rough tactics.

"In the dressing room," Karl recalls, "Kurt thanked me for helping him out and then began to stare at me strangely. He asked me what my real name was, since I'd taken the name of Von Hess—one of the greatest German generals in history. I told him my real name and he let out a yell that could have been heard in Berlin. Then he began slapping my back. I asked him what was going on. That's when he told me his real name. I found out I'd rediscovered my cousin.

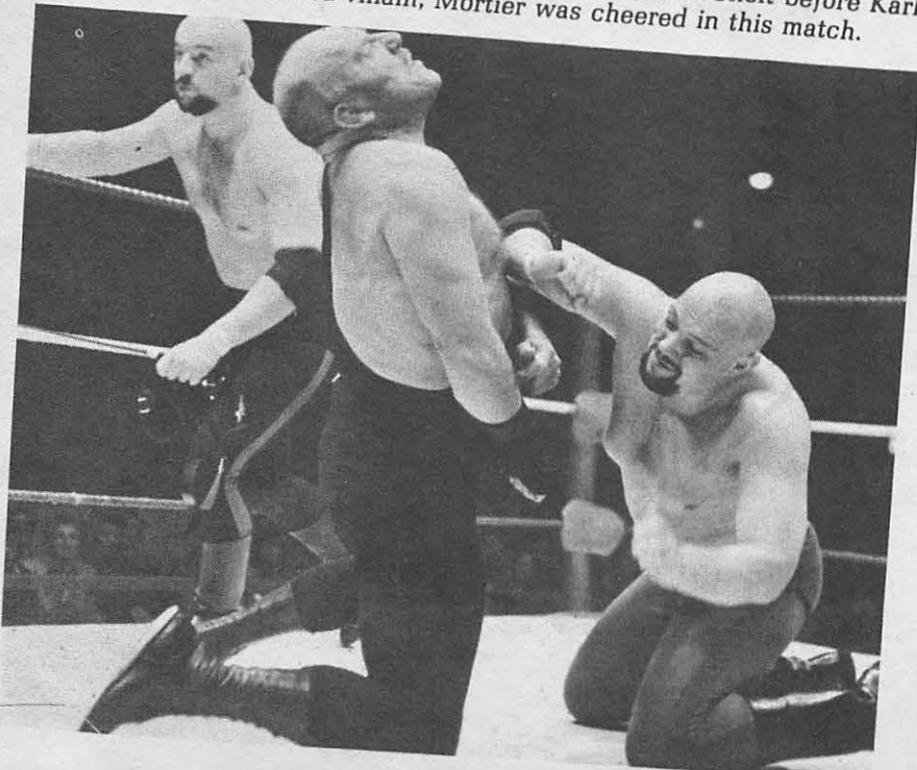
"We had a long talk and we realized we still both felt the same way about things as we did before. But now we were in a position to do something about it. We could get revenge by mutilating every British, French, American and Canadian wrestler we'd get our hands on. And that's what we're going to do!"

Although it's quite a romantic story, what with the cousins both becoming wrestlers and both going to

(Continued on page 54)

You'd have thought World War II would've put an end to all that "Master Race" nonsense the Nazis expounded. But that's not so. Kurt Von Hess and Karl Von Sholt are determined to prove that Hitler was right!

As Karl Von Sholt sneaks out of the ring, Kurt Von Hess delivers a smash to Hans Mortier. Mortier was kicked by Von Sholt before Karl left the ring. A hated villain, Mortier was cheered in this match.



A panic-stricken J.C. Dykes and one of his Infernos find themselves backed against a wall with only a crutch for protection. Opposite page: This is what they were worrying about. Police try their best to hold back this angry crowd intent on getting at Dykes. He claimed he heard people saying they should lynch him. It'll be awhile before J.C.'s back in Texas!

THE NIGHT THEY TRIED TO LYNCH J.C. DYKES!

J.C. Dykes, controversial manager of the dreaded Infernos, has been in more than his share of bloody brawls. But he never ran into anything like that furious mob of Texans that wanted to string J.C. up from the nearest tree—
together with his Infernos!



A LOT OF good men died at the Alamo and other places when we fought Mexico to gain independence for Texas," J.C. Dykes pointed out, "but they died in vain. The people who live in Texas now don't deserve independence or anything else. We oughta give the whole damn state back to the Mexicans. There's nothing but crazy people down



there!"

Strong words? You bet! But when you've come close to being lynched by an angry mob of Texans, feelings like that are understandable.

That's what happened to J.C. Dykes and his Infernos. At least, that's the way *they* tell it. It could be a case of their imaginations getting the better of them but Dykes

sweats it isn't so.

"They woulda lynched us for sure," Dykes claimed, "but the police stopped them. I heard 'em saying they were gonna lynch us. I know what I hear."

Whether or not Dykes heard what he said he heard is a mystery. But the whole thing started with a six-man tag team match between the

fiery manager and his Infernos against his arch enemy, Dory Funk Sr., Nick Kozak and Ricky Romero.

"We hadn't been in Texas for awhile and since I've been tracking that chicken Funk over half the country I figured it would be a double embarrassment for that decrepit old man if I obliterated him in front

Continued



Nick Kozak lies semi-conscious on the mat after J.C. Dykes slammed him with the crutch he brought into the ring.

of his home folks," Dykes explained. "The promoter down there promised me a match against Funk but when I got there I was told Funk refused to wrestle me alone. He always likes to have someone else fight his battles for him.

"I asked the promoter what I could do to get Funk into the ring with me. After all, we'd come all the way to Texas and didn't want to go back broke. He told me Funk would agree only to a six-man tag team match. 'Great,' I said. 'I have my sensational Infernos. Let that bum pick any two stiffs he wants.'

"I was hoping, of course, he'd pick his two sons. But they're just as scared of us as their old man, so he wound up with a real pair of stiffs—Nick Kozak and that Mexican jumping bean Ricky Romero! Do you believe that? This looked too easy."

Dykes figured his Infernos could easily handle Kozak and Romero and that would leave Dory Sr. to him. But for all his self-confidence, J. C. evidently felt he needed some extra protection. For as the contestants gathered in the ring prior to the beginning of the bout, Dykes was armed with a crutch! And before anybody realized what happened—he'd smashed Kozak to the mat with



Dykes' strategy goes awry (above) as he swings his crutch at Dory Funk Sr. But Dory ducks and Dykes slams one of his Infernos instead! Below: Funk grabs the crutch away from an Inferno and Dykes cringes in horror.



it and knocked Romero out of the ring.

Funk, however, crossed up J. C.'s plan for a triple play. When he swung the crutch at Dory—Dory ducked—and J. C. wound up smashing the crutch into the head of one of his Infernos!

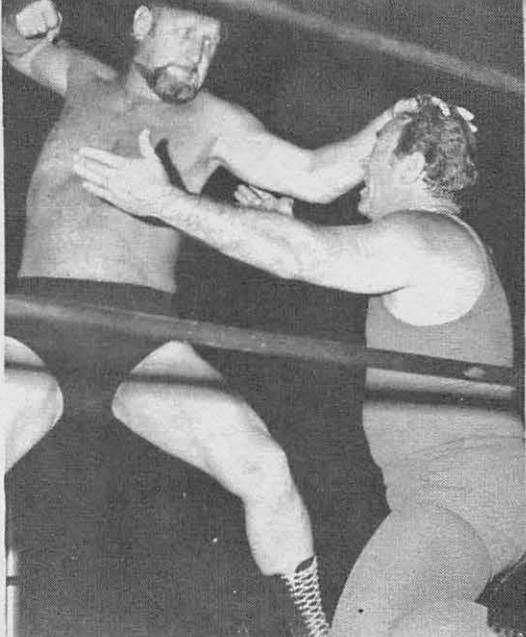
By this time the referee grabbed the crutch and ordered the time-keeper to ring the bell. But it wouldn't be the last appearance of the crutch!

When the match finally began, Dykes remained in his corner while the Infernos worked over Kozak and Romero...the latter receiving

a particularly brutal going over. Finally, Dory Sr. was tagged and that's when J. C. stepped into the battle. Here's the manager's description of that scene:

"As soon as Funk entered the ring I tagged one of my Infernos and got in as well. It was really no contest. I was battering him all over the ring and he was pleading...begging...beseeching me for mercy. He had tears in his eyes. 'Boy,' I thought to myself, 'he's a bigger coward than I thought he was.'

"Well, I'm a softhearted man at heart and I couldn't really see what I could gain by beating the helpless



Dory Sr. draws a bead on J.C. who's begging for mercy (left). But Dory showed him none and smashed his fist into Dykes' face. Right: The Infernos double team popular Nick Kozak. One holds Nick's arms while the other drives a knee into his mid-section. It was tactics like this that angered the Texas audience.



Ricky Romero is out cold—and the fans don't like it. Note the anger on the face of the man at right. Romero was punished so brutally the crowd couldn't take any more and went after Dykes and the Infernos. Poor Ricky was almost trampled to death in the riot that followed.

old coward any further. So I eased up on him. The next thing I knew either Kozak or Romero handed him that crutch and he came after me with it. Why the referee didn't disqualify him I'll never know.

"Anyway, I took the crutch away from him and started slamming him over the head with it. That's when Kozak and Romero got into the act. No tags, nothing. They just charged into the ring after me. Of course, my Infernos weren't about to stand around and watch their manager go three against one. So they came in as well. That's when the riot started.

"I knocked Kozak senseless with the crutch while my sensational Infernos took Romero apart and threw him to the crowd. That got the people all riled up and they started heading for the ring. We were surrounded. People were yelling 'Lynch 'em! Lynch 'em!' I saw one guy take out a rope. 'Let's get out of here!' I yelled and my Infernos and I took off for the dressing room... or at least for where we thought the dressing room was. But we had run down the wrong aisle and were trapped in a dead end by a storage area.

"It seemed thousands of people

were coming after us now and who was leading the charge? No one else but that old decrepit Funk. And this time he had more help. His retarded son Terry was in on the chase.

"I was still holding the crutch because I figured I'd have to hold off the crowd bearing down on us. But as old man Funk stayed discreetly out of range, he ordered his feeble-minded son to pick up a chair and go after me.

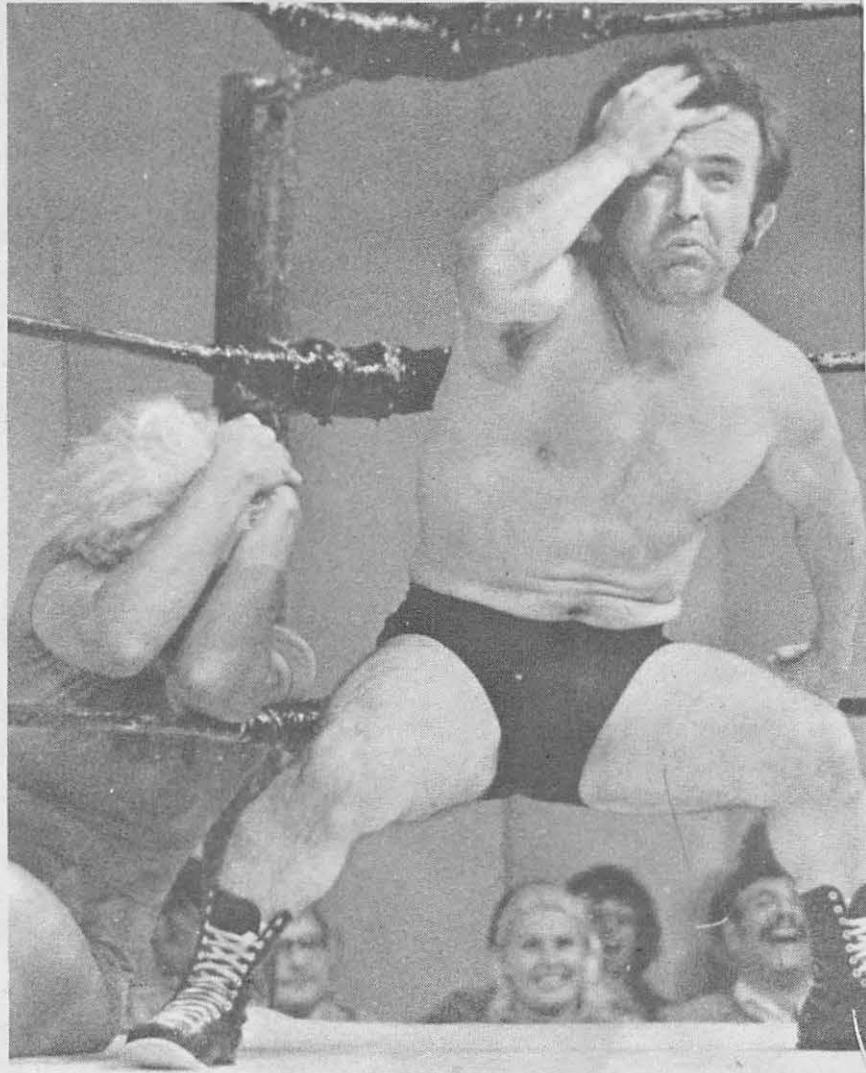
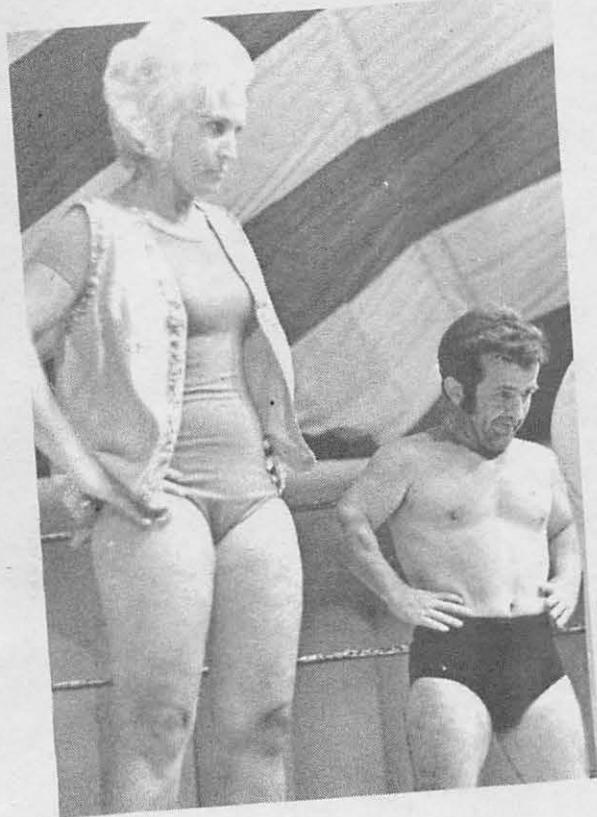
"So there I was... thousands of people after us yelling 'Lynch 'em!' and now I'm fighting for my life with the crutch against a metal chair. All this because we dumped some stupid little Mexican out of the ring. Finally, a couple of cops got hold of the Funks while another one opened the side door by the storage area where we were trapped. We had to run out into the street and sneak into the dressing room through a window!"

It goes without saying that Dory Sr.'s story of the incident differed substantially from J. C.'s. Here's how he saw it:

"Without going through all of the details," Dory began, "it started when Dykes brought a crutch into the ring even before the bell rang

(Continued on page 52)

Things were calm enough for June Patterson and Billy the Kid (below) before the match started, but Billy was whipped into his own corner and he flattens June, who falls to the canvas while Billy holds his hurt head.



THE WRESTLER WHO GOT SPANKED

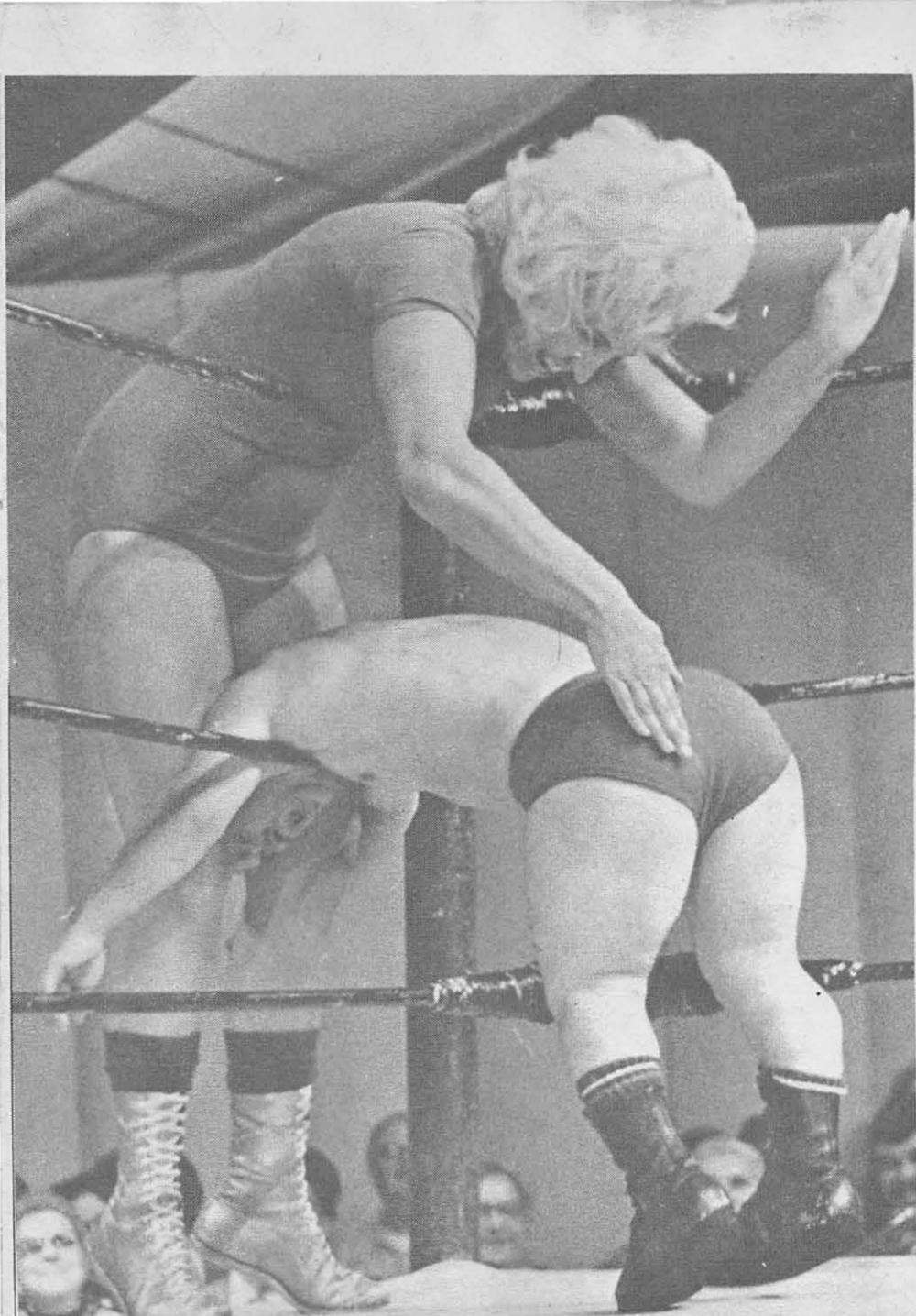
DURING A MIXED MATCH!

T EARS WELLED UP in Billy the Kid's eyes as thousands of people held their sides to keep them from splitting with laughter. It was the most embarrassing moment of poor Billy's life.

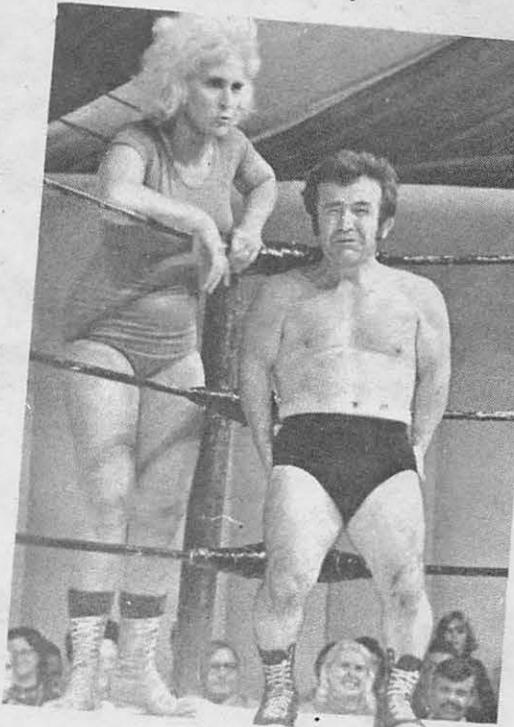
You'd have probably cried too had you been in Billy's position. One moment he's doing the best he can in a mixed tag team match and the next moment he's on the wrong end of a public spanking! And in front of 6,000 people, no less!

Billy and tag team partner June Peterson were hooked up in a wild battle against Wee Willie Wilson and Bonnie Watson in Miami, Florida. Billy's side was doing fairly well, too. But a couple of body slams made Billy kind of dizzy. And when he got up, bounced off the ropes, and tried to body block Wilson, Willie stepped aside and poor Billy went hurtling into the corner, knocking partner June Patterson to the mat with a resounding crash!

"You idiot!" June screamed. "What're you doing?"



Angry at being knocked down, June takes matters into her own hands (left) and spanks Billy in front of all those fans! Below: Billy rubs his aching rear—but that didn't hurt as much as his pride!



on Billy's rear end. Each time she struck him a little harder. When she finally released him he felt as if he'd sat on a lighted barbecue grill. And with the audience roaring with laughter, Billy turned around, placed his hands on his burning seat, and cried.

"Why'd she have to do that?" he asked rhetorically when the match was over. "It was a mistake... an accident. I didn't mean to slam into her. I was kinda woozy from those body slams and when Wilson moved out of the way I couldn't stop my momentum. Anyone could see it was an accident. The spanking hurt—but my pride was hurt a lot more. How'd you like to get spanked in front of 6,000 people? I'll tell ya. It's no fun."

June did apologize to her partner about 20 minutes after the match ended. "I don't know what got into me," she said. "When he knocked me down I just lost my temper. I wasn't thinking. I just grabbed him and started to spank him. Of course it wasn't the right thing to do, but I was reacting without thinking."

As far as Wee Willie and Bonnie Watson were concerned, the impromptu spanking was the highlight of the match.

(Continued on page 58)

It's bad enough for an adult to get spanked. It's even worse when that spanking is administered by his own tag team partner. It's worse than that when the partner is a woman. And it's absolutely terrible when it happens in front of 6,000 people!

It had been, of course, an accident. And Billy turned around to explain that to June and to give the blonde an apology. But June was bursting out all over—in anger. And instead of talking it over, she pulled him forward by the ears until he was

draped over the middle rope, trapped his head between her legs so he couldn't move, and leaned over the top rope and delivered an old fashioned spanking to her horrified partner.

Five times June's hand came down



Pampero Firpo roars in anger after nearly murdering The Sheik in three different matches and not once getting the benefit of the decision.

THE MAN WHO MAY NOW

The Sheik has been beaten. Thoroughly. Not once. Not twice. But three times. True, the man who almost murdered the Arab terror was disqualified in each match. But there was no doubt who the real winner was. Yet the most amazing part of this story is yet to come!

ABDULLAH FAROUK had a problem. The usually ebullient manager of The Sheik didn't know whether to feel depressed or optimistic. He had just seen his beloved Sheik take the worst beating of his life. But he knew that the man who handed him that beating could, if he could get them to join forces, wrestle alongside The Sheik to form the most formidable tag team in wrestling history.

"The Sheik rarely, if ever, wrestles with a partner," Farouk observed, "for the simple reason that he has not yet found a man of equal or near equal ability. All a partner can do for my Sheik is hurt him."

But Farouk has one ambition he hasn't yet fulfilled. He desperately wants to manage a world championship tag team. He knows he has one half of that team in The Sheik. The problem has been finding a partner.

The Sheik (above) is dragged around like a dog by the chain wrapped around his neck. The wild Arab was never humiliated as he was against Pampero Firpo. Right: The Sheik and Pampero Firpo both try to get first blood by pulling the other by the chain. Pampero came out on top.

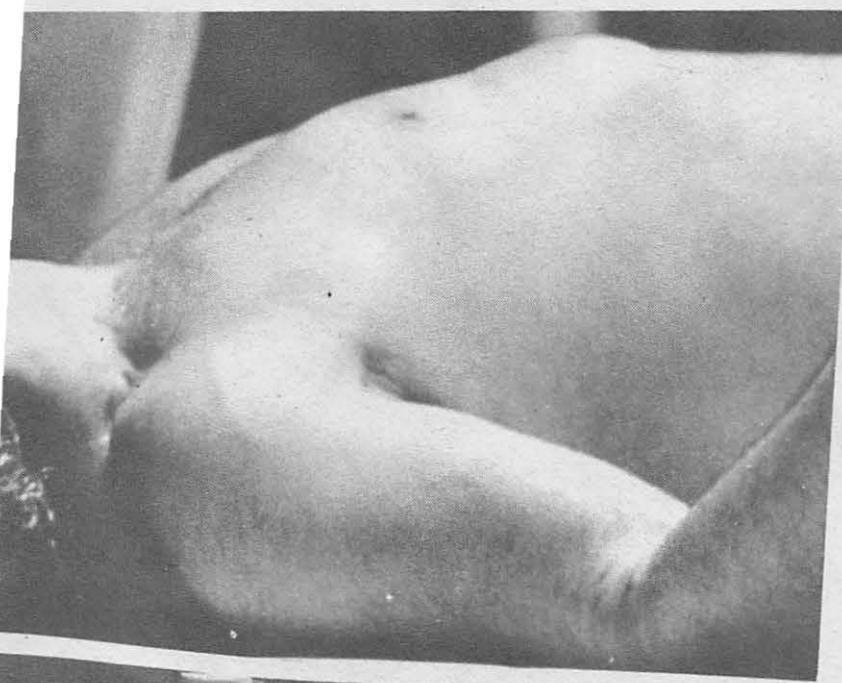
However, as Abdullah Farouk and his Sheik walked down the ramp that Sunday night in Toronto, the last thing on either of their minds was finding a tag team partner. The Sheik had his fantastic 75 straight match



winning streak to protect and this night he'd have to protect it against a man supposed to be as wild, as maniacal, as ruthless and as crazy as his Sheik!

This night The Sheik was wrestling

NEARLY KILLED THE SHEIK TEAM UP WITH HIM!



The Sheik (above, right) is a bloody mess after Pampero Firpo worked him over. Below: The Arab is comforted by his manager, Abdullah Farouk, after winning the first match. But The Sheik hardly looks like the winner!

none other than Pampero Firpo!

"I have seen thees Sheik before," Pampero said before the match, "and he ees an animal. But the Great Pampero ees also an animal—a superior animal. And that ees why I weel

beat heem.

"The Sheik—he only wrestles clean wrestlers. Against them he knows no fear. But tonight he meets the Great Pampero. And anything he can do I can do better. I weel defeat

heem at hees own game. He has never met anyone like the Great Pampero before. Tonight The Sheik weel learn respect. Ooooh Yeaahhh!"

Pampero had to get at The Sheik the hard way, battling his way up the ladder and annihilating all the best wrestlers Toronto's Maple Leaf Gardens could throw against him. While he certainly could not be called a crowd favorite, Toronto fans realized that only someone of his calibre could give The Sheik the punishment they've been waiting so long to see him get. And on a television interview prior to the match it became obvious to viewers that here was a man—or a beast—totally unafraid of the wild Arab.

"For months now," Pampero began, "I have been saying bring me the opponents and I weel do the rest. When I battle The Sheik he weel not get a welcome reception. The Sheik weel not disrupt my winnings een

thees area. And thees Weasel—thees Farouk—he ees just a microbe. Someone better tell heem to tell The Sheik that I, the Great Pampero, the greatest wrestler alive, weel destroy heem.

"I don't geev a second chance to a sucker—not even a first chance. I weel bite, kick, reep heem apart to show that in thees area there ees only one real executioner—the one and only Great Pampero. Oooohhh Yeeaahhhh!!!

"And, eef you are leestening Weasel, I have good medicine for you too. I weel broke you eento pieces and throw you to the crowd. Because I, the Great Pampero, weel be the man who finally executes The Sheik. I weel dreel down deep, deep into the ground, like they deeg in hees own country for oil. I weel deeg all the way down and he weel disappear from the earth. And after that, thees human lion you see before you weel roar to show hees supremacy in the sport of wrestling. I weel bite hees head until eet ees marked like a road-map. I weel break hees reebs one by one until he fall down."

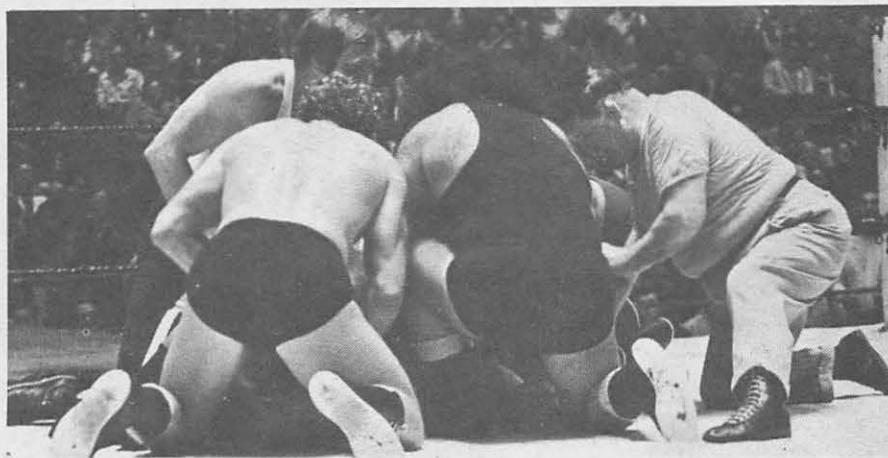
For perhaps the first time in his life, Pampero Firpo heard the cheers of the crowd when more than 18,000 fans roared as he made his way down the ramp. Just as quickly, the cheers turned to boos as Abdullah Farouk led The Sheik into the ring.

The match didn't last very long. It took three minutes and 26 seconds, to be exact. But they were the worst three minutes and 26 seconds The Sheik ever experienced.

Pampero chased him all around the ring until he caught him. The Sheik never clamped on a single hold, never got the chance to use his destructive pencil, never even threw a punch. He was in retreat for the entire time. Four times Firpo pounded him senseless and threw him out of the ring. And four times, aided by Farouk, The Sheik just managed to crawl back in beating the count.

Then it happened. Near the ropes, Firpo picked the badly-battered Sheik up in his arms. It was coming. The bearhug. Nobody has ever gotten out of Firpo's bearhug and here he was putting it on The Sheik. The 18,000 fans went wild. They knew they were about to see The Sheik's 75-bout winning streak come to an end!

But in their excitement they missed something the referee saw. Pampero had one foot over the bottom



Sheik "Camel Walks" away from Firpo who's offering him the chain (top), but The Sheik refuses to put it on. So other wrestlers come in to help (middle) and they finally get The Sheik down (bottom) and attach it.

rope. The Sheik was inside the ropes. And as referee Tiger Tasker counted to 10—Firpo didn't move. He didn't know his foot was over the rope!

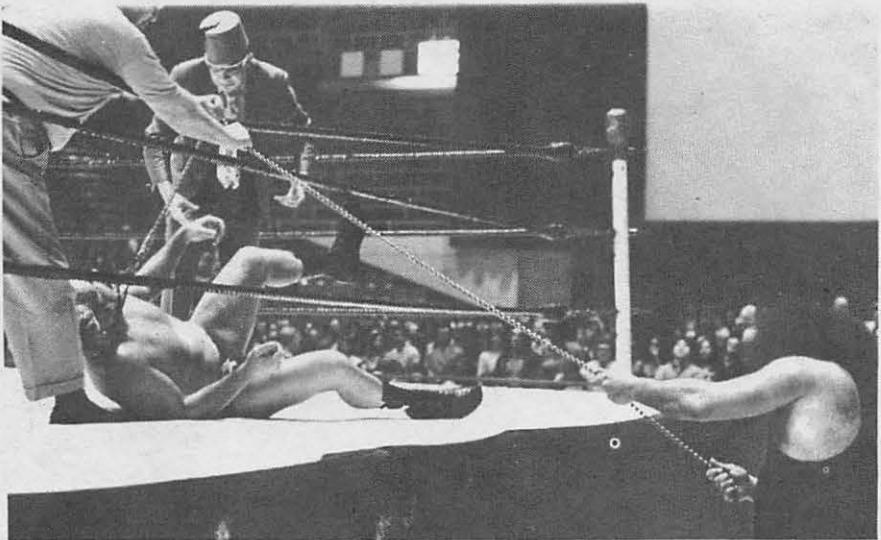
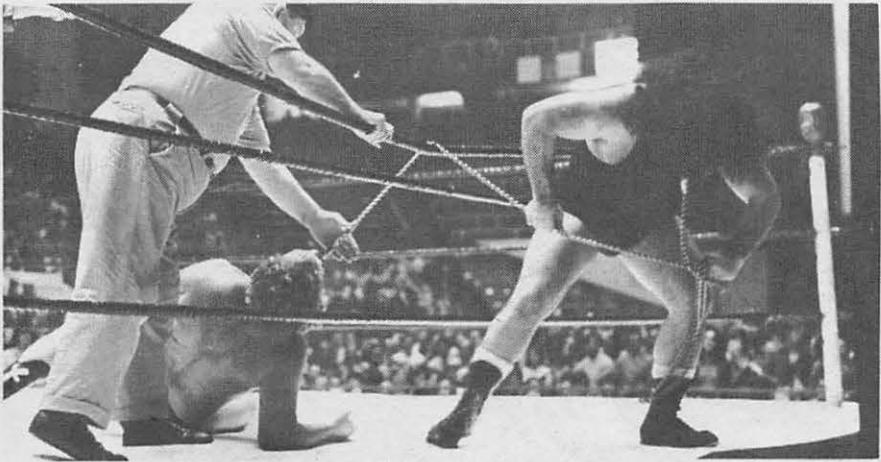
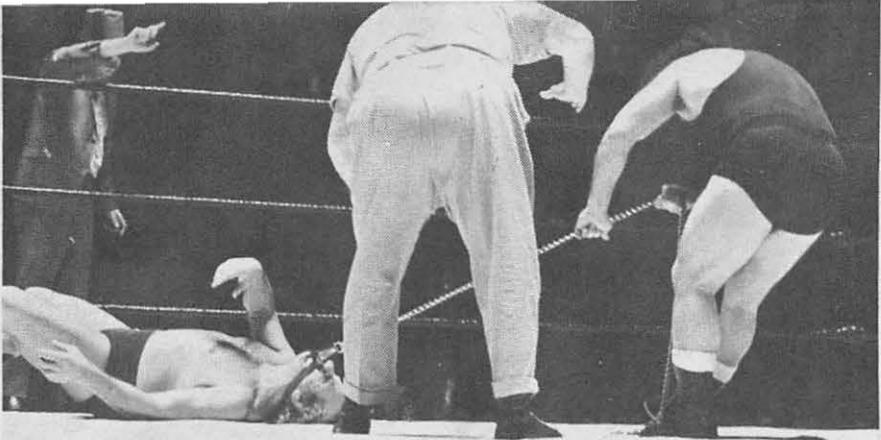
The bell rang and the fans went wild, thinking The Sheik had been beaten. But when the announcer explained the result there was almost a riot at the Gardens. Meanwhile, Firpo, who doesn't pay much attention to bells, was still grinding The Sheik's ribs into powder. He hadn't

released his hold!

Firpo kept the pressure on for five full minutes after the match had ended. Then he grabbed the microphone and addressed the crowd.

"The referee he say he deesqualify me. But look, lying on the ground. There ees your Sheik. Beaten. Destroyed. Ees there any doubt who wonneth thees match? I, the Great Pampero, have defeated The Sheik. Oooohhh yeeaahhh!"

Farouk and wrestler Mike Loren



Firpo pulls The Sheik around like a child's wagon (top) after he's disqualified. He leaps out of the ring stretching the chain tighter (middle) and pulls as hard as he can (bottom) almost strangling Sheik.

carried the beaten Arab back down the ramp toward the dressing room. But it just wasn't The Sheik's night. As they headed down the stairs—he slipped from their grasp and tumbled down the stairs head first!

Pampero, however, wasn't through yet. He charged into The Sheik's dressing room, slugged Farouk, and dragged The Sheik back out—by the hair—up the stairs and out onto the ramp. There, in full view of all, he put his muscular arms around The

The Sheik's rib cage and applied yet another bone-crunching bearhug! The fans were absolutely wild! They'd waited more than three years to see someone do this to The Sheik and now they were loving every moment of it!

Finally, Firpo was persuaded to drop The Sheik and he did—right on the cement ramp. He headed back to the ring and again grabbed announcer Jerry Hiff's microphone.

"Twice tonight I had thees man

The Sheik," he roared. "He was feenished. He was leemp een my arms. I could have keeled heem right here in the ring or down there on the cement ramp by the dressing room. But they stop me. They always stop me. If Frank Tunney (the promoter) does not let me wrestle The Sheik again I weel never wrestle een Toronto ever again. Ooohhh yeeaaa-hhh!"

Tunney might have been lynched by the crowd had he not signed Pampero to meet The Sheik again. Farouk, visibly upset by this dent in his Sheik's reputation, was only too happy to sign for a rematch. After all, it *wasn't* his ribs which had gotten cracked.

This time Pampero didn't even bother to wait for The Sheik to finish his prayers. As the Arab was praying, Firpo ran over to him and kicked him in the face! Then he turned around and belted Farouk! The loud-mouth manager fell to the mat but got up quickly and ordered the referee to "let my Sheik finish his prayers or we're walking out of here."

So the referee explained the situation to Pampero and the wild bull of the pampas calmed down and allowed the prayers to be said. But just after The Sheik finished, Farouk slipped him a foreign object which he stuck into his trunks. Pampero had been right. The Sheik had learned respect. He wouldn't get caught short again.

When the bell rang all hell broke loose! Firpo charged out of his corner and kicked The Sheik in the groin several times. The Sheik immediately went to his trunks to pull out the foreign object. He swung with the sharp object clenched in his fist, hoping to catch Pampero in the face. But Firpo caught Sheik's wrist in mid-air and squeezed and squeezed. Finally, The Sheik's hand opened and out dropped a pencil—its point sharpened like a doctor's scalpel.

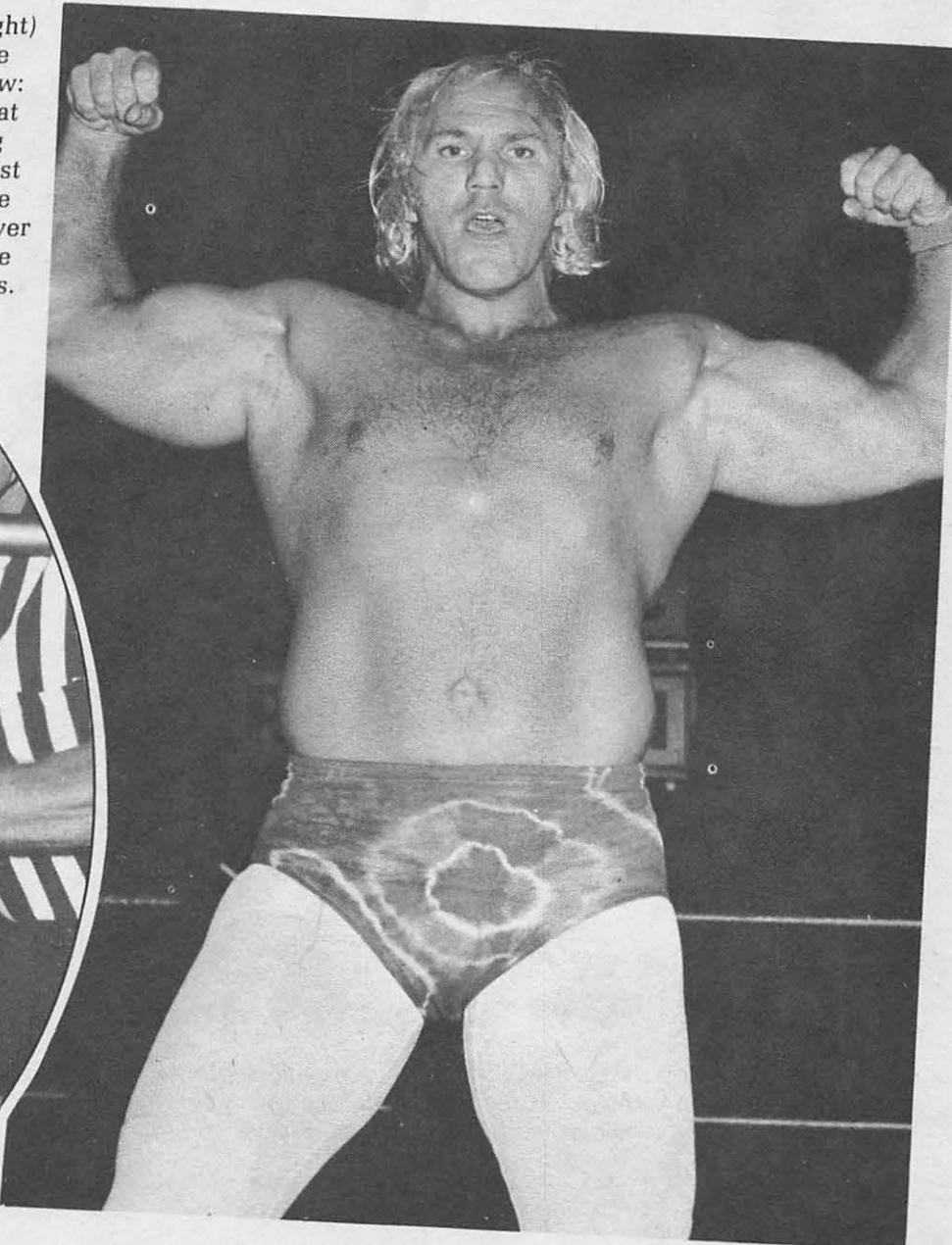
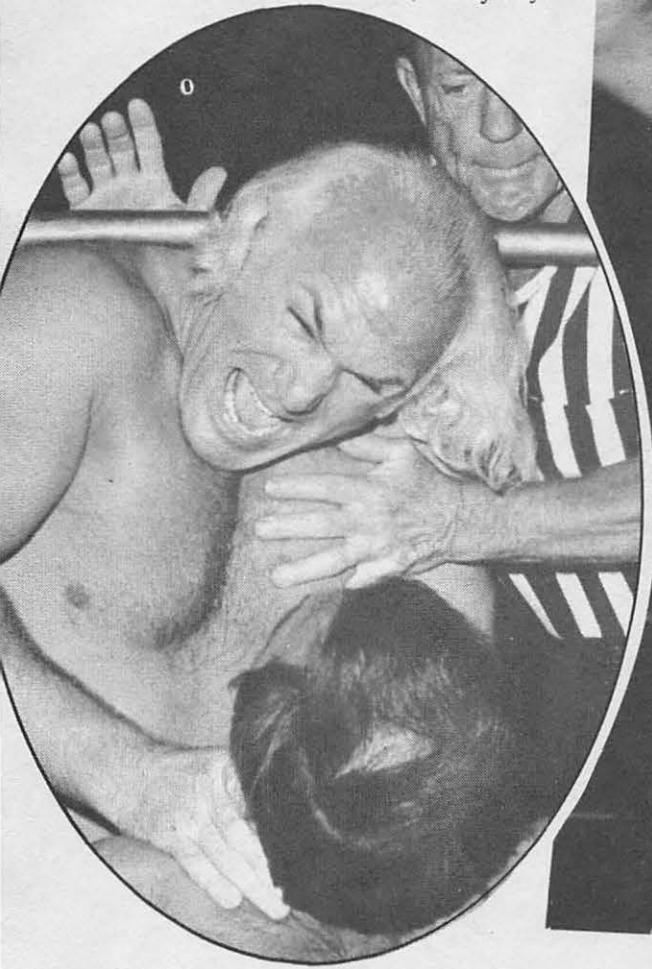
Firpo grabbed the pencil and unmercifully began ripping apart The Sheik's forehead. The Arab was bleeding profusely. Then Firpo clamped on the bearhug. The Sheik screamed as the Argentinian increased the pressure. But The Sheik jammed his fingers into Firpo's eyes and Pampero was forced to break the hold.

The Sheik ran out of the ring to catch his breath. But Firpo went

(Continued on page 53)

BILLY GRAHAM— “SUPERSTAR” or

Billy Graham (right) calls himself “the Superstar.” Below: He reinforces that claim by choking John Tolos against the ropes. “I’ll be a superstar forever against bums like Tolos,” Billy says.



BILLY “SUPERSTAR” Graham had been keeping what he called a “chicken list.” On his list were such names as Ray Mendoza, who Billy calls “a short midget who people love instead of loving me,” and Black Gordman, “a turncoat to the true spirit of wrestling.”

But Mendoza and Gordman were really secondary names on Billy’s list.

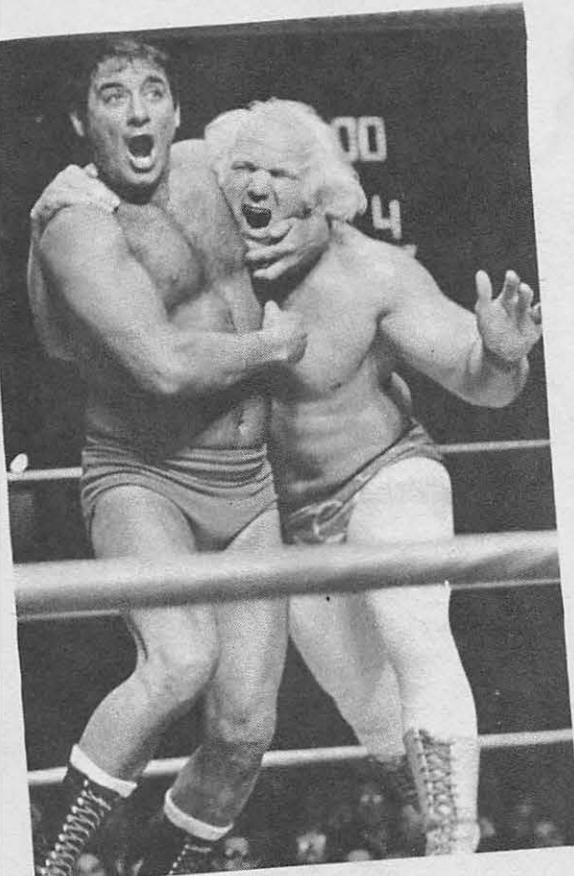
Topping the list were the two men Billy wanted to “eliminate” more than anyone else—Chris and John Tolos!

“John Tolos is the biggest chicken in wrestling today,” Billy insisted. “He wrestles only bums, has-beens, overweight old men and scared skinny kids. Every time I challenged him to a match he had a different excuse.

He has more excuses than he has holds. Finally, when the promoter made him sign to meet me, he was so petrified he flew his chicken-hearted brother all the way here from Toronto to fight his battles for him. I had to wrestle Chris before I could get a shot at him. Who does he think he is —Dory Funk Jr.?”

Billy claimed he *really* didn’t mind

"SUPERBUM?"



Billy Graham, the man who calls himself "Superstar," had to go through a lot to finally get a crack at John Tolos. And now that he's gotten that crack it looks like he's going to have to revise his "Chicken List!"



having to wrestle Chris in order to get a shot at John. "After all," he noted, "how many guys can claim they wiped out an entire family. And that's what's going to happen when I get my hands on them."

But there was another surprise awaiting Billy when he stepped into the ring against Chris Tolos. The referee was none other than John Tolos!

"What is this?" Billy screamed at promoter Mike Lebell who was sitting at ringside. "What the hell is *he* doing in here? How can you allow a man to referee a match his brother is in?"

But it was all perfectly legal. Months before, John Tolos had taken the licensing examination for referees and, according to the California commission, "passed with one of the highest grades in history!" But it wasn't until Graham signed to meet Chris Tolos that John requested a refereeing assignment. And according to a commission official, it was just a coincidence that John drew an

The "Superstar" is turned into a gory "Superbum" (above) by John Tolos, who bloodied his face and nearly crippled him. Chris Tolos (top, left) made the "Superstar" cry out in pain as well as John.

assignment in his brother's match.

"I got the idea from Freddie Blasie," Tolos stated. "When he was recuperating from his broken leg he earned a few bucks refereeing. He wasn't healed enough to wrestle but barring a particularly wild match there was no danger of his getting re-injured if he refereed."

"It's like an insurance policy. In this sport you never know when you're going to get hurt. And when a professional wrestler gets hurt he has no income. It's not like an office job where you get a certain number of sick days. If you don't wrestle you don't get paid. When I saw what happened to Freddie I figured it'd be a good idea for me to take the referee's exam as well."

"The only reason I hadn't requested an assignment before was because I was wrestling on every card." That night I decided to take a night off. But I knew I wanted to be there to see Chris wrestle Graham so I figured I'd pick up a few bucks and referee. I had no idea I'd draw that match."

Graham was livid when he saw who the referee was but there was nothing he could do about it. The match would go on as scheduled.

Before the bell rang Billy went through a detailed explanation of what he wanted John to watch for. He cautioned him to be on the lookout for Chris pulling his hair, kicking him and an entire list of various illegalities he figured Chris would try to get away with. John assured him he'd be totally objective. It's

doubtful Billy believed him.

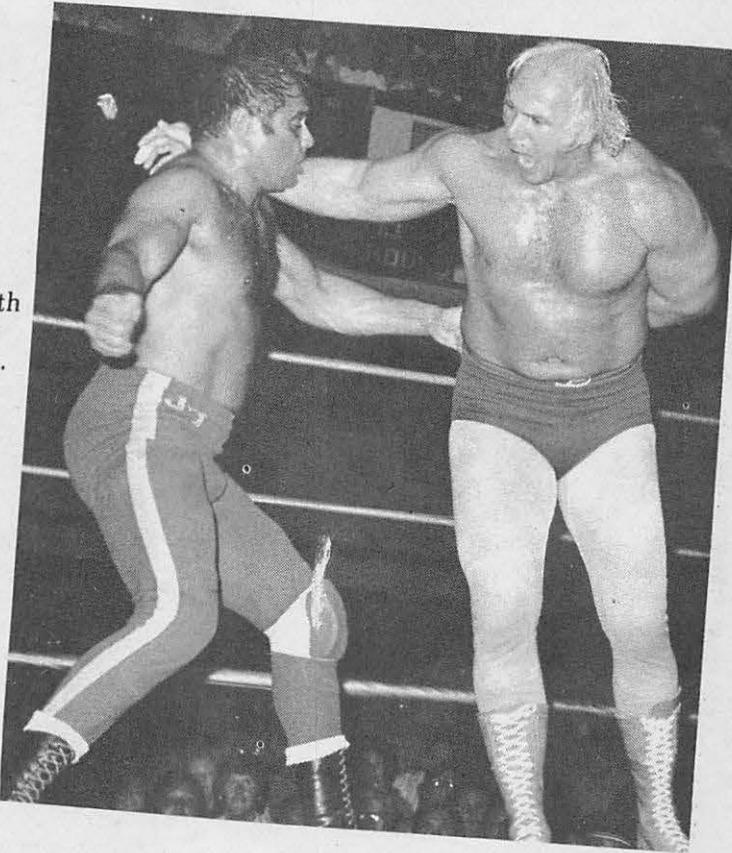
John had few problems during the first few minutes of the match as both men wrestled clean. It appeared Billy didn't want to give John a reason for showing favoritism. But the relative peace didn't last too long.

Chris clamped on a headlock which Billy claimed was a choke. He pointed it out to John. But John claimed it was legal. Billy's eyes bugged out at the unfairness of the decision. And when he broke out of the

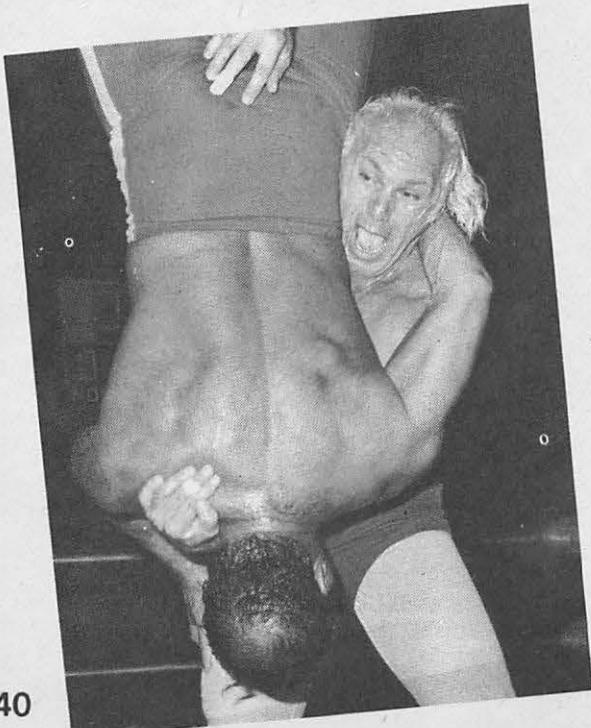
hold by punching Chris in the stomach he drew a severe warning from John.

"He's showing favoritism!" Billy roared to the crowd. But the blond-haired "superstar" received little sympathy. However, the pattern had been set. Billy was forced to break almost every hold (most of them were illegal anyway) whereas John found no fault with Chris's maneuvers.

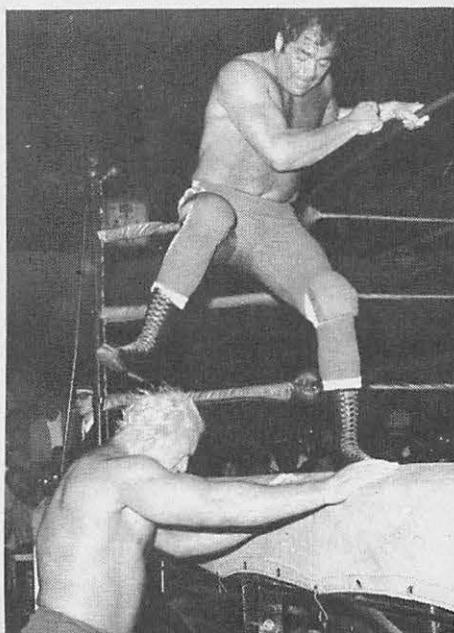
The inevitable ending came when Billy bodyslammed Chris and came



Billy cries out as Tolos smashes a left to his kidney and follows up with a right headed for Graham's stomach. Billy finally got a match against Tolos after John, serving as a referee, disqualified him in his match against Chris.



Billy holds John Tolos high in the air (left) before sending him to the mat with a resounding smash. Right: Tolos, who isn't a stranger to rough stuff, gives Billy some of his own medicine as he stomps his head.



down on him with his hands wrapped around his throat.

"Break that hold or you're disqualified!" roared John.

"I'm not choking him!" screamed Billy as he choked him.

John counted quickly—quicker than most referees do—and disqualified Graham.

That was just too much for Billy to take. Leaving Chris lying on the mat, he jumped up and attacked John. The attack on a referee cost

him \$250 but it produced the desired result. The following week he and John would finally get in the ring together. And this time Tolos would be there as a wrestler—not as a referee.

"That match was the worst thing I've ever seen," Billy complained. "Tolos favored his brother every step of the way. He never even gave him a single warning. You can't tell me Chris Tolos is such an angel that he didn't do a single wrong thing

during that match. It was a travesty. But I'll get my revenge next week. John Tolos's time has come. His number is up. And I've made sure that his brother won't be the referee. This time he'll have to do it on his own."

Tolos was dejected about how his first refereeing assignment turned out.

"I bent over backwards to be fair to both men," Tolos explained. "I didn't ask for this match. I'd rather not have been in there at all. Having your own brother in there when you're refereeing your first match is a tough assignment. Then, to top it off, I'm forced to disqualify him so it looks like favoritism and he winds up attacking me. A referee hates to disqualify a wrestler because it means he's not controlling the match."

For his part, Graham never did buy the story that Tolos wound up refereeing his match against Chris by coincidence. He still insists the whole thing was a deliberate conspiracy to demean him. "But it worked out all right in the long run," he added. "It cost me \$250 but it forced John Tolos to meet me in the ring. He can't run any more."

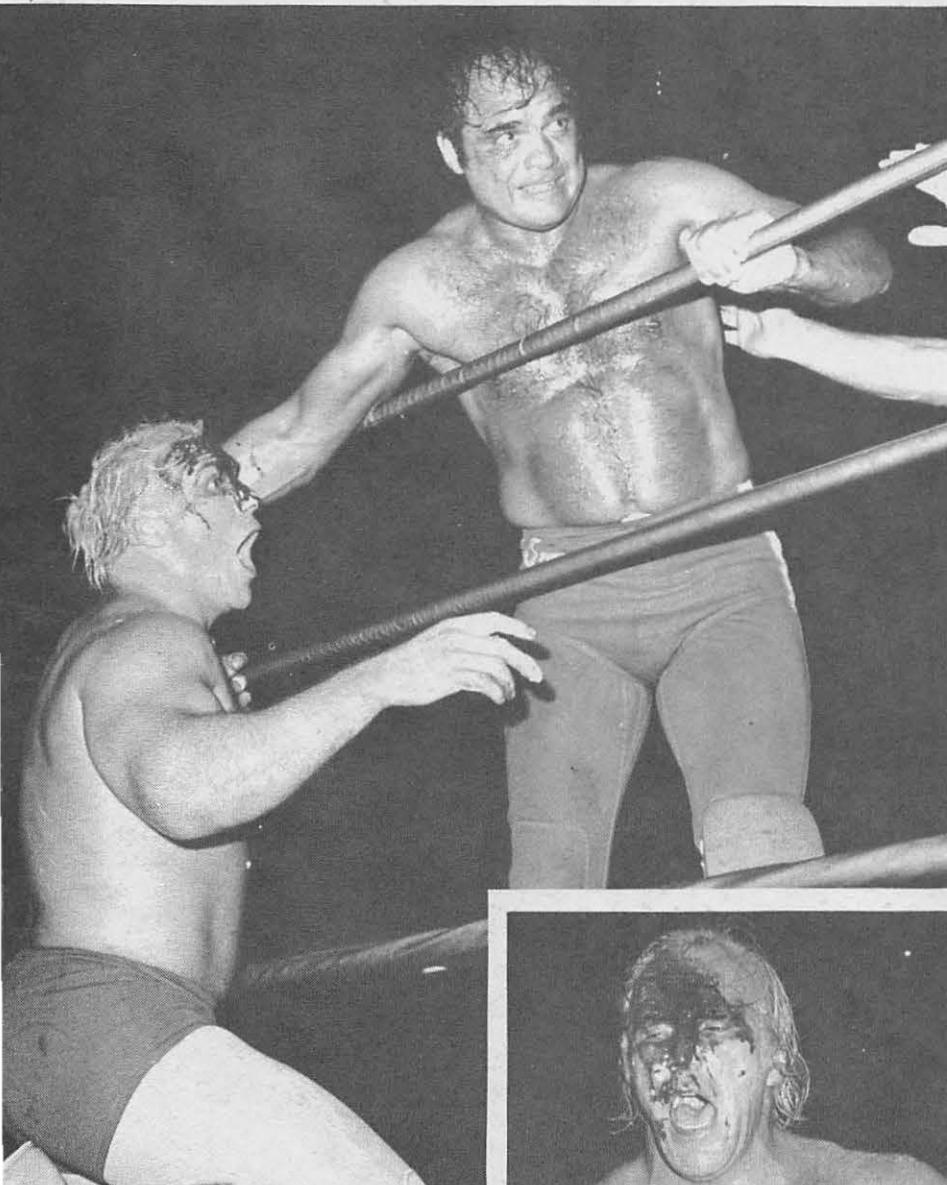
John Tolos didn't run—although by the time he was finished with Billy the blond might've wished he had. Tolos gave Billy some of his own treatment and when the battle had ended John emerged without a scratch while the "superstar" was a gory, bloody mess and had to be helped back to the dressing room!

Midway through the match, tiring of Graham's constant illegal tactics, Tolos reverted to his old ways and matched him blow for blow, kick for kick. The turning point came when John grabbed Billy by the hair on the back of his head and slammed him—face first—into the steel ringpost.

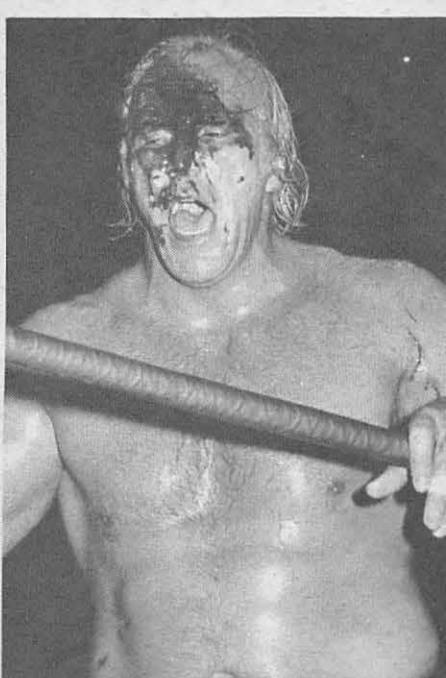
Billy's face turned into a Niagara Falls of blood. The crimson fluid ran down his forehead into his eyes blinding him. Tolos took advantage of this and continued working on the gash with his closed fist. It was so gory, blood spattered on fans sitting as far as five rows back!

Graham was unavailable for comment after the match but John Tolos gladly spoke to reporters.

"I wonder what happens to his 'chicken list' now?" John laughed. "He couldn't handle my brother and he couldn't handle me. I'd say the 'superstar' isn't so super after all!" In fact, I think we should call him 'superbum' from now on!"



Blood streams from the forehead of Billy Graham (above) as John Tolos continuously rams him into the steel ringpost. Right: Billy heads for the dressing room looking like he just came out of a massacre. Is this the way a "Superstar" should look? Hardly!



That old complaint about the referees helping Pedro Morales is still alive and well at Madison Square Garden. The latest complainer is George "The Animal" Steele. And in this exclusive story, George adds even more ammunition to the controversy.

By George Steele

OKAY YOU MORALES fans. Get your cryin' towels out. For the first time anywhere you are about to learn the plain honest truth about the chump you call champ. He is without a doubt the biggest phony I've ever seen and I'm going to give you the proof.

Let's start at the beginning—when Morales first became the so-called champion. If it wasn't for me he wouldn't be holding the belt in the

first place. You see, I am the man who busted three of Bruno Sammartino's ribs just a few weeks before the spaghetti bender lost to Ivan Koloff. It was because of that injury Sammartino lost the title. If a stupid referee hadn't disqualified me for doin' it I would be wearing the belt right now. So Morales got his chance at Koloff and supposedly beat him. I was there that night. In my opinion

the referee was on Pedro's side and Koloff couldn't win no matter how hard he tried.

Okay, daddy-o. Who was the next contender? Me—that's who. When I went to sign for the match the promoter told me *he didn't want Morales hurt!* Would I please leave the territory and come back when the champ has a few notches on his list?

That made me sick.

Morales must've paid that promoter one helluva bundle to get him to do that. I refused to leave. But they kept putting me into preliminary matches so that finally drove me out.

I travelled to Detroit, Toronto and other areas. I kept winning and winning with one thought in mind. Every opponent—as far as I was concerned—became Pedro Morales. So I made each of them drown in

**George "The Animal" Steele Charges:
"I EXPOSED
MORALES FOR THE
PHONY"**



their own blood! I vowed to do the same to Morales—if and when his yellow streak disappeared.

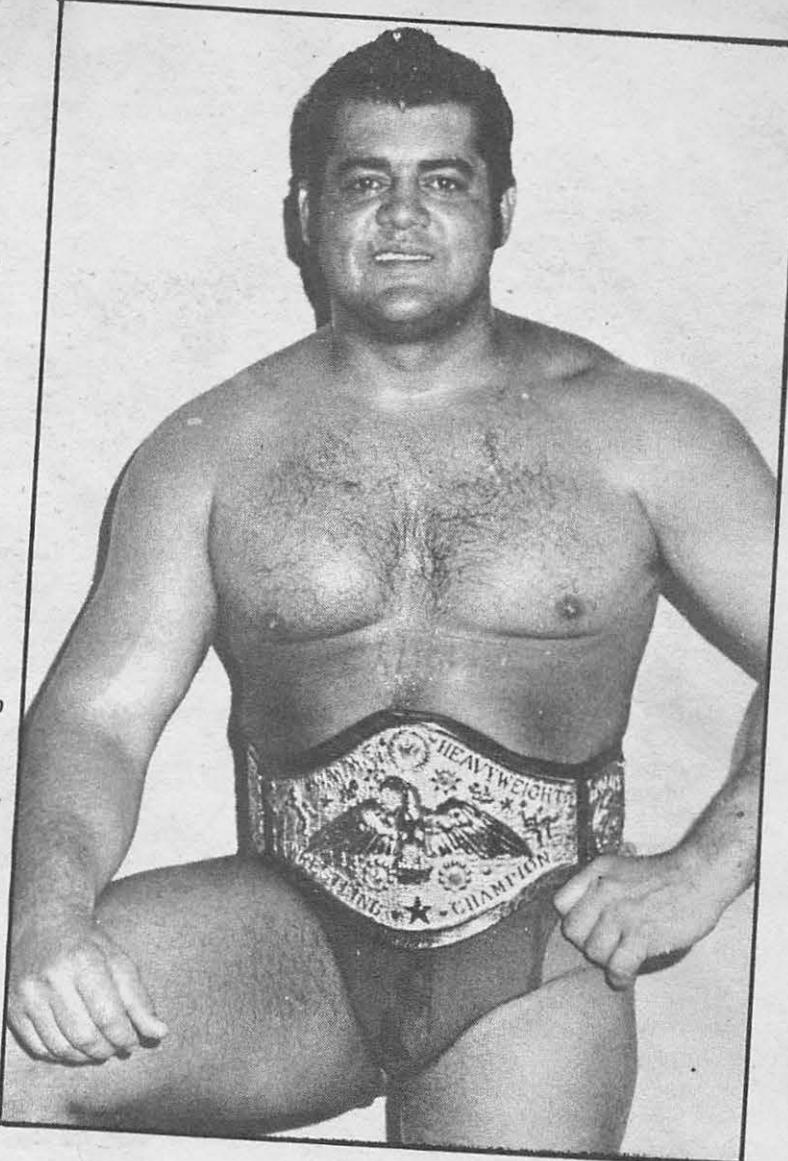
Almost a whole year passed. I'd heard from friends of mine that Morales was still holdin' the title and winning his matches in the same fashion he always did—by letting the referees help him. Dammit! Morales had been meeting everyone but me. It was time to go back.

The first thing I did was make a call to the main office of the World Wide Wrestling Federation. As soon as I told them who I was and what I wanted they rushed off the phone and told me they didn't need any new wrestlers in the territory at present. Daddy-o, they remembered George Steele and they were still afraid to let me wrestle their precious champion!

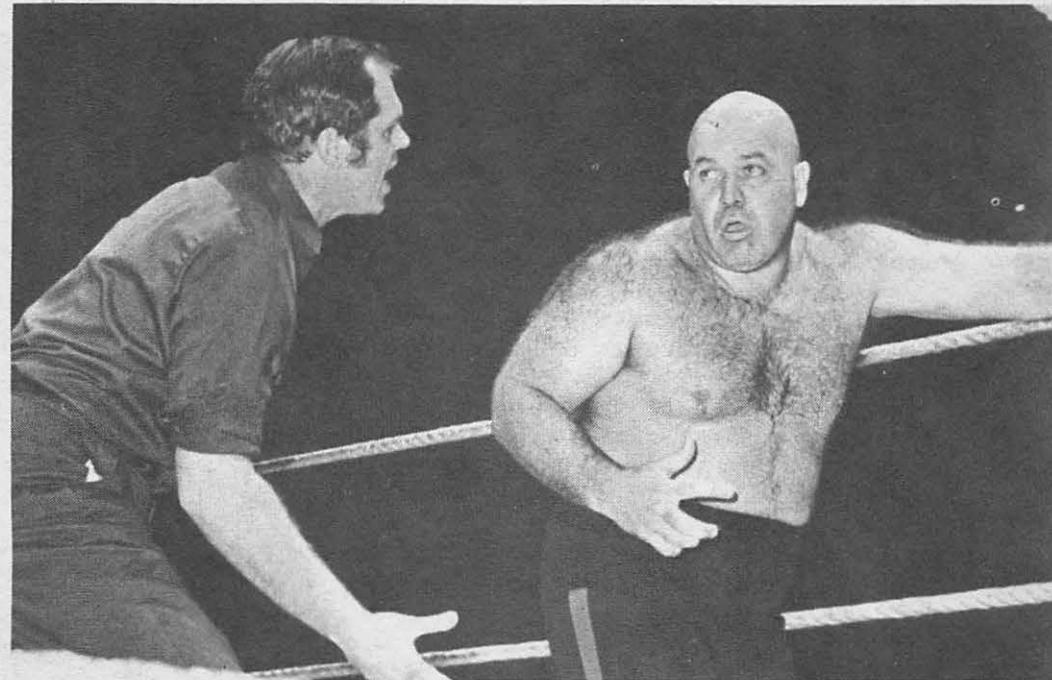
The following Tuesday I headed for the International Arena in Philadelphia. That's where the Federation's TV shows originate from. Instead of going through the dressing room entrance I went in with the audience. I wanted to see Morales wrestle without his knowing I was there.

A half hour later he came into the

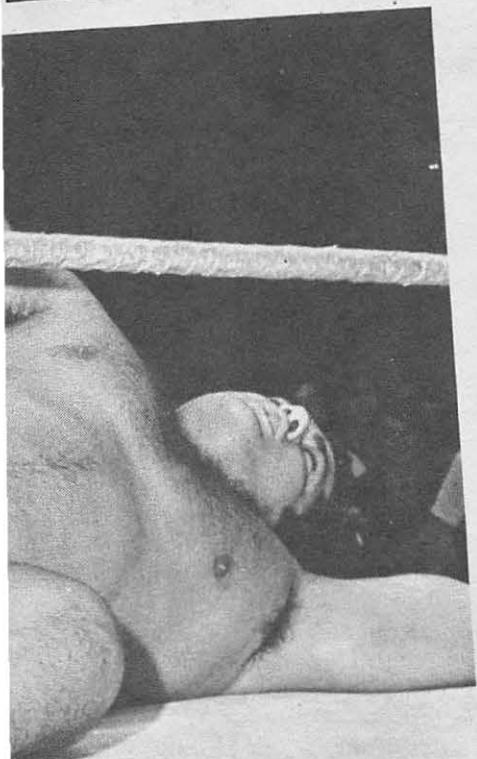
Pedro Morales is the World Wide Wrestling Federation king, but many of his opponents claim the only reason he retains the title is because the referees are protecting him. George Steele is the latest to make that claim. Morales and all the referees who have officiated his matches deny the charge.



HE IS!"



Referee Dick Kroll (above) cautions George Steele against illegal tactics—even though this is a Texas Death Match. Steele claims Kroll didn't caution Morales. Left: Pedro Morales is about to fall out of the ring, but the referee prevented Steele from getting him.



Morales goes flying over the top rope after being attacked by George Steele. Most of the match was fought outside the ring, but Steele charges the referee let Morales choke him and protected Pedro when he tried to get him.

ring and I noticed that he was talking to the referee before his opponent came into the ring. Wow! Did that look suspicious, daddy-o. Then his opponent followed. It was some preliminary dude.

When the bell rang this' dude charged into Morales. He was killin' him. But everytime Morales was on the verge of losing—the damn referee would make his opponent back off. What nerve that referee had! He'd never get away with that if I was in there.

After the matches were over I contacted my lawyer and told him "I can't get a shot at Morales."

"Leave it to me," he said. The next morning I received a telephone call from the World Wide Wrestling Federation. Their deal was simple. Win some matches impressively and they'll think about giving me a shot at Morales.

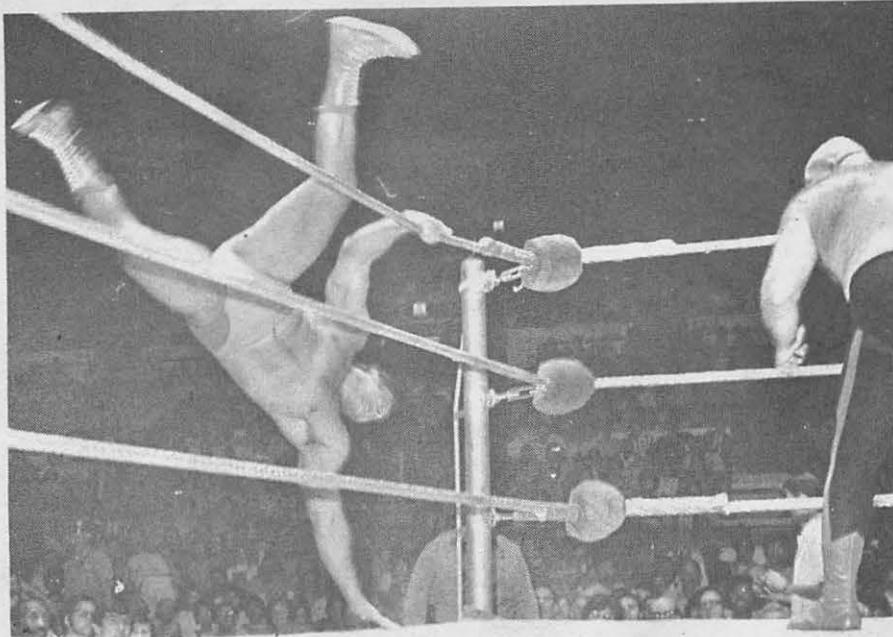
Winning was a cinch. I even flattened big hero Strongbow. Finally the contract talks were set. Daddy-o, I thought of the greatest plan in the world. There is a way the referee couldn't protect Morales—if the match was a Texas Death Match! But could I get him to agree?

It took a few weeks of arguing with his manager, Gorilla Monsoon, but I finally got my way. I offered to take less money and give Morales more. That's the only reason he's in this business, for money. It's evident he can't wrestle.

Was I excited! It was the night of the match and I was destined to become the new champion. Nothing would stand in my way—so I thought.

I went out to find the john a few minutes before the match. And what a shock I received. While walking past Morales' dressing room I could see him making palsy-walsy with the referee who was to officiate our match. But I didn't let it bother me very long. Any fan knows that in a Texas Death bout anything goes. There is no stopping for *anything*. The loser would have to be carried out on a stretcher.

Okay, baby. Time for the match. A few of Morales' fans turned out



A dazed Pedro Morales is about to crawl back into the ring (left) while Steele was being held back by the referee—or so Steele says. Below: Pedro has Steele's arms trapped in the ropes while he chokes him with his left hand. Steele insists this picture is proof of the charges he has made.

to see him. But you should have heard all the cheers when I entered the ring. The fans were shouting, "There's the champ!" It was music to my ears.

The bell rang. I ran right over to Morales, picked him up, and threw him over the top rope. He hit his head on the concrete floor. I thought he was out cold. To be sure, I went out to drag him back into the ring so I could pin him in front of all my fans.

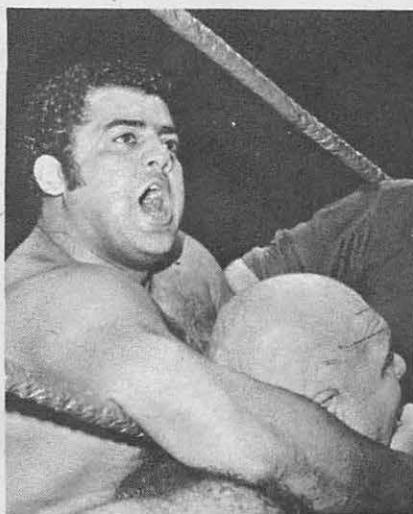
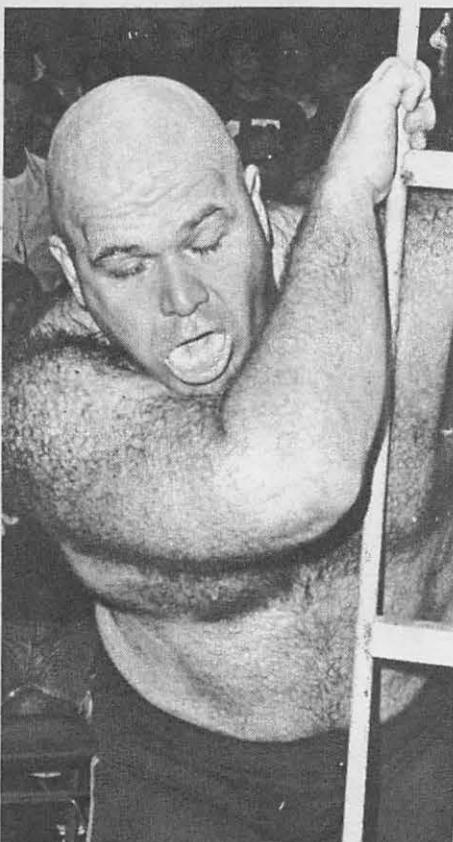
But before I could touch the ring

apron the referee started counting. I figured he was counting Morales out. But to my surprise he wasn't—he was counting for me!

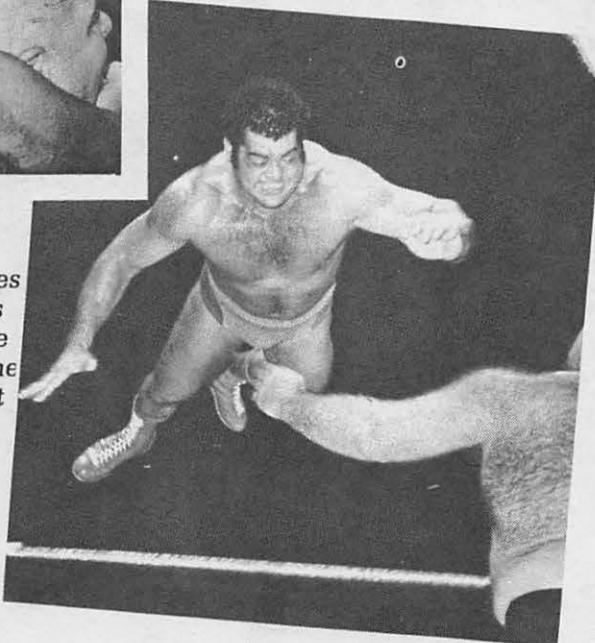
I stepped back into the ring and that referee held me off until Morales got enough strength to climb back into the ring. Dammit! Again I threw Morales out and again the same thing happened! The referee was protecting him! That phony must've paid him off!

Later in the match Morales threw me out of the ring—upside down.

George Steele tries to climb back into the ring (right) after he and Pedro Morales were battling outside of it throughout most of the bout. At this moment, Pedro was also outside the ring and Steele insists the referee held him back off Morales until Pedro regained his strength. Below: Illegal? Morales is outside the ring as he applies this chinlock. But in a Texas Death Match anything goes—but for both men and not just one.



This dramatic photo catches Pedro in mid-air as he flies off the ropes just before he defeated George Steele. The challenger pointed out that jumping off the ropes is supposed to be illegal.



The referee didn't do anything—even when Morales came after me and smashed my head into the steel ringpost! Then he dragged me into the ring, tied me up on the ropes, and was allowed to choke away to his heart's content. To top things off, when I worked myself loose, Morales climbed the ropes, which, I may add is illegal, and dove on me.

The referee counted "One, two, three!"

It was over!

But my left shoulder wasn't pin-

ned down. It was no use to even try and argue the point. It was evident to everyone there that Morales was being protected by the referee.

Later on, in the dressing room, I begged the promoter for a return bout. But he'd already signed someone else to meet the winner of my bout. Morales had paid someone off again!

But right here and now—in print—I make this vow.

I WILL GET MR. PEDRO MORALES!!!

I don't care if it's in a parking lot, a restaurant, a hotel room, on the street or in the ring. He can't have people protecting him wherever he goes. I'm not even interested in the title any more. Morales' actions have made that belt worthless anyway. I just want to stop this punk from wrestling again!

The point I'm trying to make is this. I don't care if you're a George Steele fan or a Pedro Morales fan or a fan of either of us. But if you're a wrestling fan you should be as angry as I am.

How does it look to have a champion being protected by referees? What kind of fair chance can a wrestler get when he goes after that belt? What can fair-minded people think when match after match this man—and I use that term loosely—goes on winning through no ability of his own?

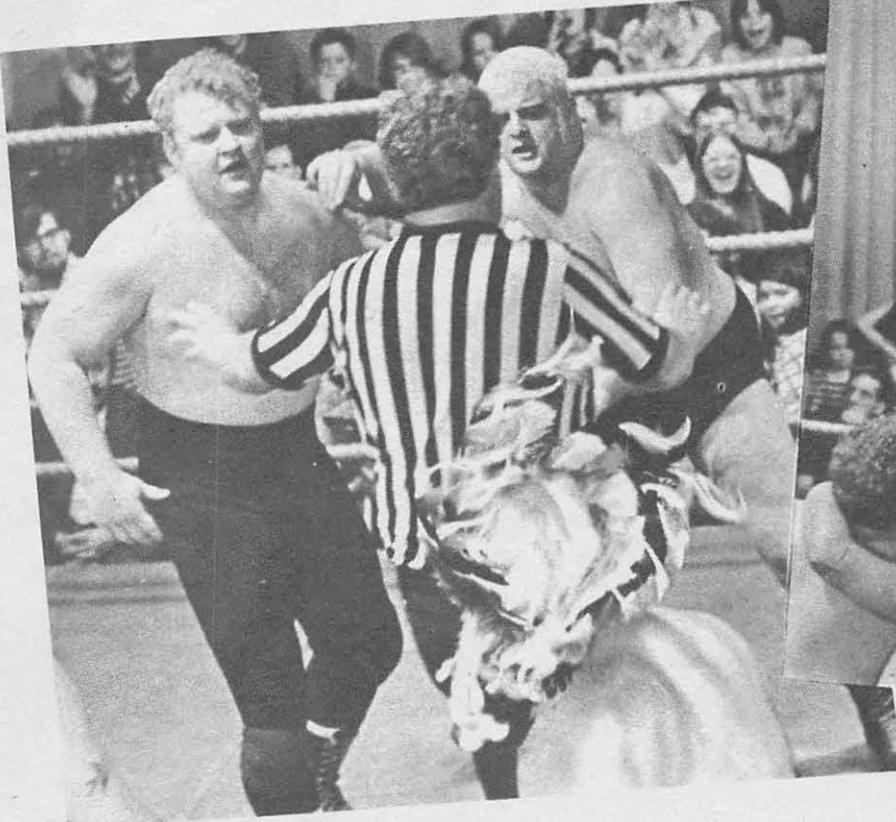
I've heard the charges before and from some very reputable sources. But I had to find out for myself. Well, I found out. The charges made by such people as Ivan Koloff, Blackjack Mulligan, Stan Stasiak, King Curtis and so many others, are true. You can't get a fair shake against Morales! And I think it's disgraceful!

Of course, I know many readers will think this article is "sour grapes." If it is, how come *every* wrestler—not one or two but *every* wrestler—who wrestles Morales says the same thing? Do we all have cases of "sour grapes?" I doubt it.

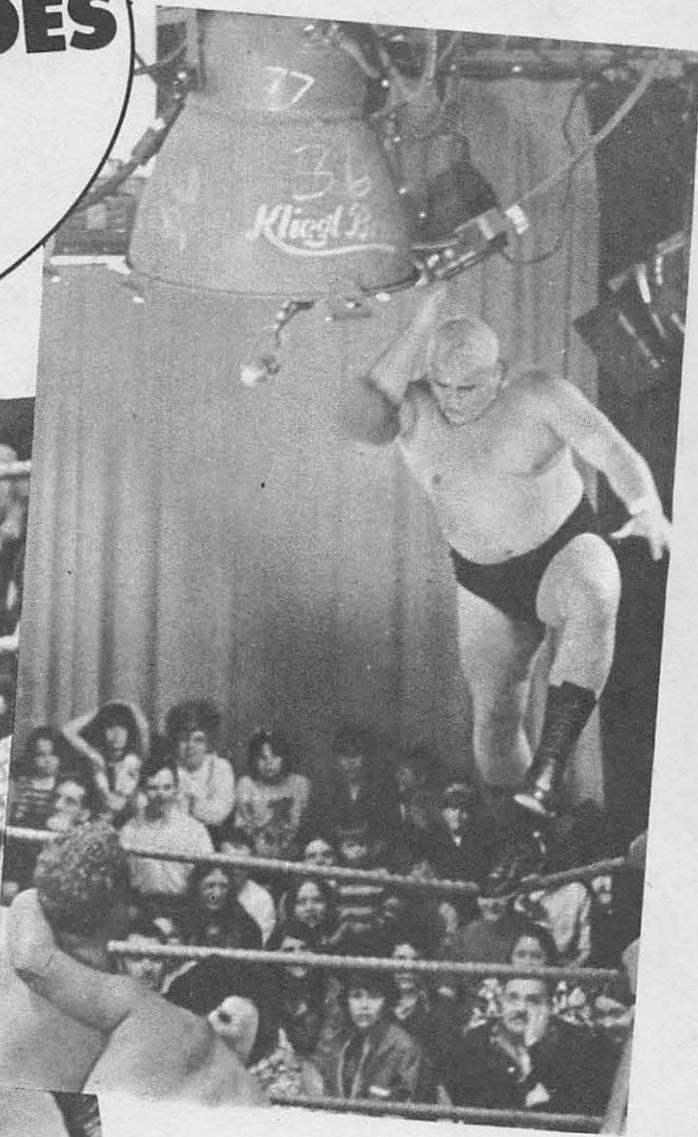
Officially, I lost that match. There's nothing I can do to change it. But by getting this chance to expose Pedro Morales I feel more like a winner than a loser. But the real winners are the fans. For now they have proof of the way Morales operates. And if they're smart they'll do everything they can to get this man barred from the sport so once again the World Wide Wrestling Federation belt can be looked upon with respect.

That is the victory George Steele is after. And this story here is only the beginning! □

SHOULD LARRY HENNIG AND DUSTY RHODES BE BARRED FROM TV?



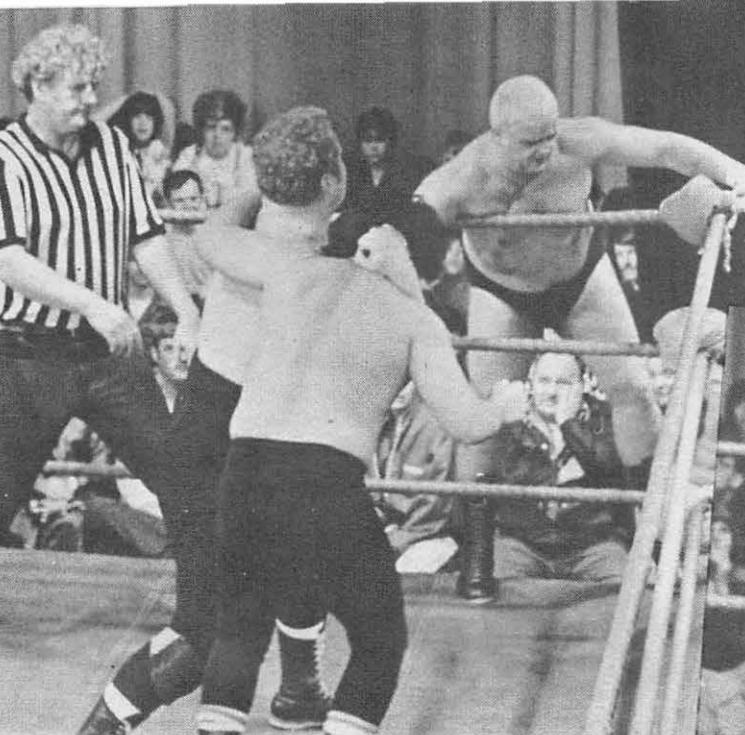
Both Larry Hennig and Dusty Rhodes left tag team partners to join forces because each felt his former partner "wasn't rough enough." When you consider that those former partners were Lars Anderson and Dirty Dick Murdock—you get an idea of how rough Hennig and Rhodes really are!



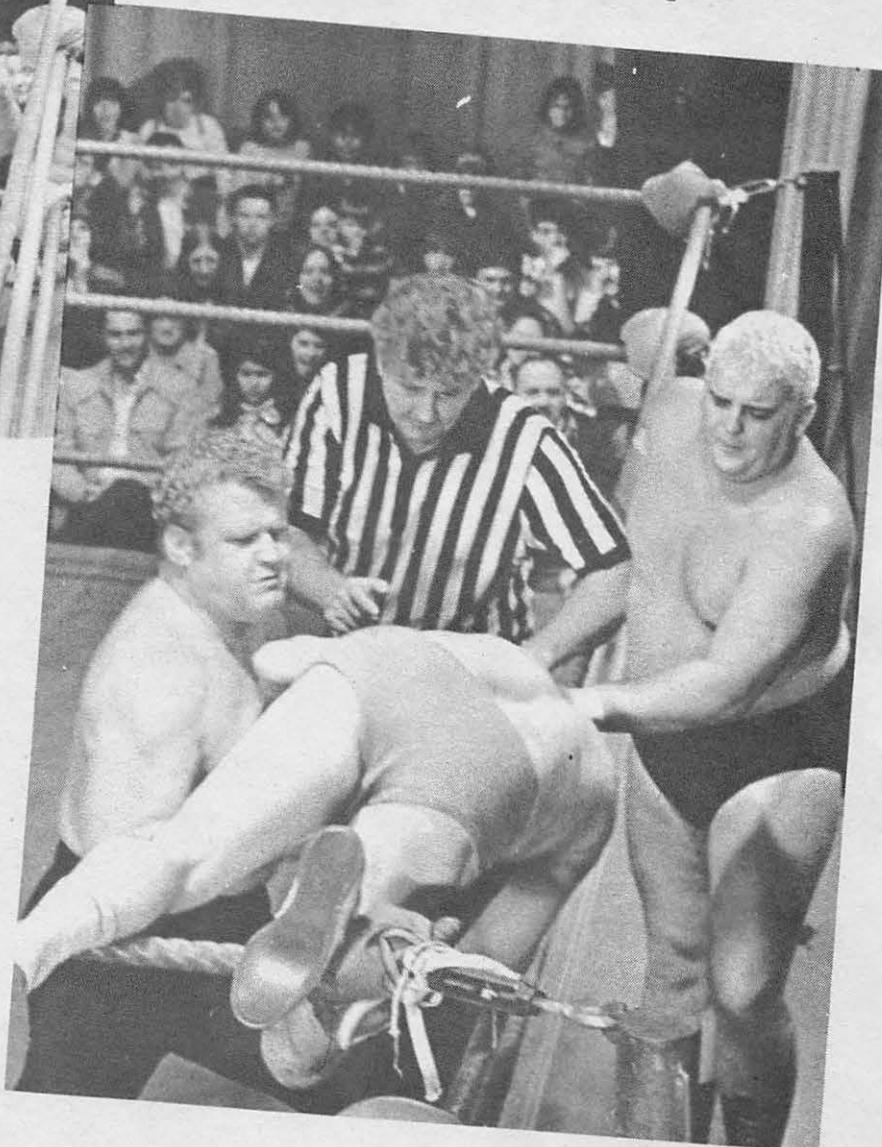
Larry Hennig and Dusty Rhodes (left) can't wait to get at Chief Wahoo and Treach Phillips. Above: Hennig holds Phillips as Rhodes leaps from the top rope.

BACK IN THE 1950's and '60's there were two men so horrifyingly vicious they were barred from wrestling on television because they gave people nightmares. That was the effect the late Skull Murphy and Brute Bernard had on people.

There has never been another team like them since.



Hennig (left) rams Phillips' head into the corner turnbuckle as Dusty Rhodes awaits their arrival. Below: McDaniel is put onto the top rope where Hennig and Rhodes have no trouble working him over.



But two wrestlers have joined forces to produce a duo almost as horrifying as Murphy and Bernard had been. And if they keep going the way they've been going, they, too, may find their TV days numbered.

Larry Hennig and Dusty Rhodes never knew each other until they met in a dressing room in Minneapolis one night. Hennig, at that time, was part of a successful wrestling tag team along with partner Lars Anderson. Their specialty was brutality.

Rhodes, too, was part of a violent and vicious team, although this night he was wrestling as a single. His partner, Dirty Dick Murdoch, was in Texas wrestling Terry Funk.

Hennig and Rhodes watched each other's matches and they liked what they saw. Their styles were quite similar and so were their attitudes towards their chosen profession. Together, they figured, they'd be unstoppable.

As it turned out, neither man had trouble leaving his former partner. Anderson was anxious to wrestle as a single and Murdoch had so many feuds going in Texas and Florida he was reluctant to wrestle anywhere else. So nobody really minded when Hennig and Rhodes decided to form a new tag team...nobody, that is, except their opponents and the people who televise the wrestling matches from Minneapolis. Because Hennig and Rhodes proved to be such an explosively brutal combination the TV people began to get complaints about them. A campaign was

organized to take them off the air.

"This is the first time something like this has happened since the days of Skull Murphy and Brute Bernard," a spokesman for the TV station said. "But we're hopeful it won't turn out the same way."

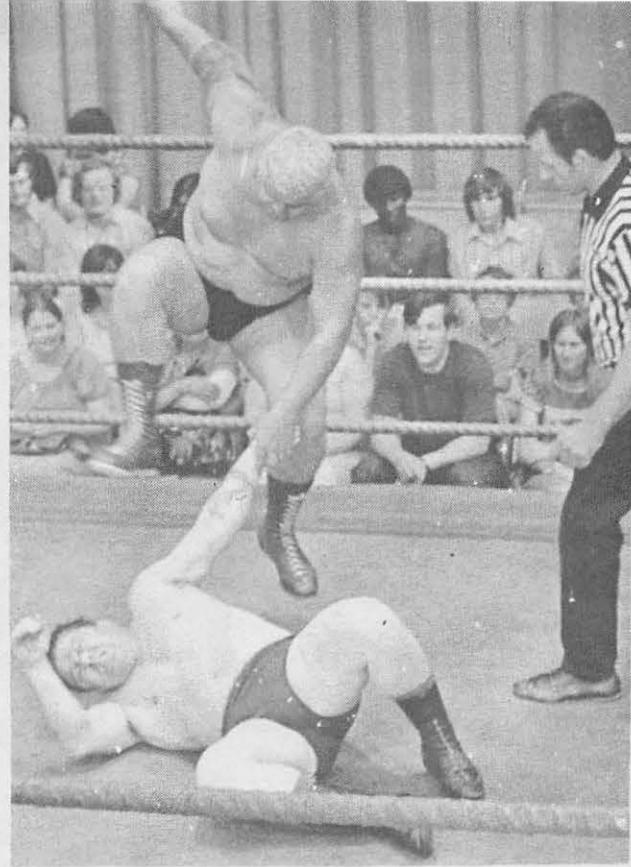
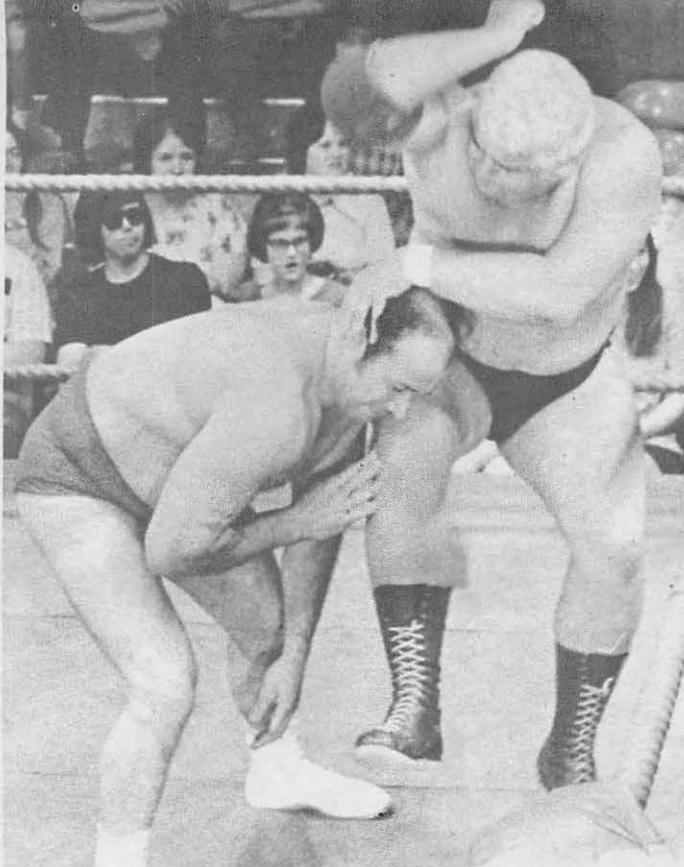
Most of the complaints have been aimed at Dusty Rhodes. Rhodes was trained in Texas—where anything goes—and is not averse to using chairs, tables, microphones or anything else to aid his cause. And although brutal wrestlers are nothing new to the Minnesota area, Rhodes is considered to be "unnecessarily brutal."

"Is that what they say about me?" Rhodes asked when told about the

possibility of his being banned from TV. "Unnecessarily brutal, eh? Ahah. That's music to my ears...just music to my ears. I've long considered myself the single most brutal man in wrestling and it's about time the rest of the world woke up to that fact."

One match that particularly disturbed viewers was one in which Hennig and Rhodes nearly killed Treach Phillips and George Gadowski.

Rhodes attacked Phillips before the match even began and Treach never got a chance to get started. Dusty met him in the middle of the ring with a kick to the groin and while Treach fell to the mat howling



Not through yet, Dusty stomps on Gadatski's chest. Where's the referee? Hennig was busy keeping him occupied.

in pain, Dusty stomped his head.

Rhodes, who was particularly proud of that match ("See," he said, "I didn't even need my hands.") kept driving his knees into Phillips. He kneed him in the groin, the stomach, the chest and the neck. Finally, hoping to save Phillips from getting killed, the referee ordered the timekeeper to ring the bell and end the match.

George Gadatski (top, left) gets a taste of Rhodes' style as Dusty crashes his elbow onto his noggin. But Rhodes isn't finished yet! As George lies on the mat, Dusty tries to break his arm off by stomping on it with his foot. This is a typical Rhodes maneuver.



After banging his head on the press table, Rhodes bends his helpless opponent back over the bottom rope while biting his head. This was one of the worst outbursts Rhodes ever had and dozens of complaints literally flooded the TV station's switchboard hours after the bout.

Rhodes disregarded the bell. He dragged Phillips by the hair through the ropes and out of the ring. Then he smashed him—face first—into a wooden press table. Rhodes then climbed back into the ring and bent Phillips backwards over the bottom rope while digging his teeth into Treach's forehead.

The timekeeper kept ringing the bell but Rhodes didn't stop. He rip-

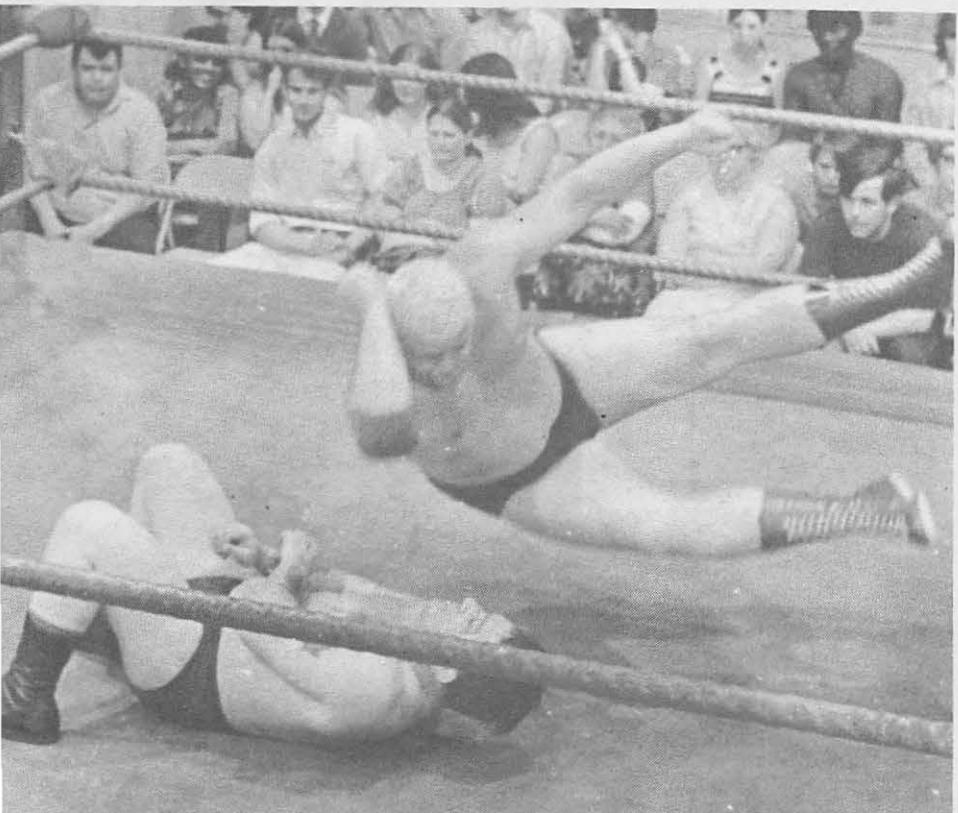
ped Phillips' flesh to ribbons and the blood just poured out. Strips of flesh were hanging down like laundry from a clothesline!

While all this was going on, Hennig was choking Phillips' partner. Finally, Rhodes got bored with Phillips and dropped him. Treach slid down to the concrete floor as if he was made of Jello.

Then Rhodes joined Hennig to



As Marty O'Neill looks on in horror (left), Rhodes proves what a maniac he is by eating a paper cup (above) on TV.



Rhodes comes down on an opponent with his favorite hold—the flying elbow smash. It's one of the most brutal in wrestling. Despite their brutality, Hennig and Rhodes remain on television. But that may end soon since they refuse to change their style for the TV cameras.

work on the remaining victim. After Hennig let go of his throat, Rhodes stomped Gadatski's chest. Then Dusty threw him out of the ring and began smashing his head into the same table.

Hennig dragged Gadatski back into the ring and held him by the head while Rhodes delivered a few brain-busters. George was out on his feet, but that didn't stop Hennig and

Rhodes. Hennig lifted him up by the head and held him in place as Rhodes climbed to the top rope and came down with another brainbuster!

It wasn't until a half-dozen wrestlers charged out of the dressing room to rescue Phillips and Gadatski that the carnage ended. Some people in the arena actually got sick. And evidently, many fans watching at home got sick as well. The tele-

phone switchboards at the TV station began lighting up like a Christmas tree.

What made people even angrier was that immediately after the match Hennig and Rhodes appeared on a TV interview bragging to announcer Marty O'Neil about what they'd done to their opponents.

"I am an uncontrollable destruction machine!" Rhodes roared. "I cannot be stopped! I can eat flesh and drink blood!" Then, to everyone's amazement, Rhodes drank something he claimed was Phillips' blood! And then he ate the paper cup!

"It was the most disgusting thing I've ever seen," O'Neil said. "I felt like throwing up. I'm scared whenever I have to interview those two animals."

Some people charge that Hennig and Rhodes—especially Rhodes—go to extremes in their brutality just to get bad publicity. Neither Hennig nor Rhodes deny it. In fact, Hennig all but justified their behavior with that very excuse.

"The whole world wants to see us get ours," Hennig stated, "and the more brutal we are the more they want to see us get what we dish out. As long as that's the case people come out to see us. We get rich. Sure we could ease up on our violence. But why should we? Our style has made us the number one team in the midwest. We're bigger than Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid. We're bigger than anybody. The whole world wants to see us hang from the highest tree. But they haven't found anybody who can stop

(Continued on page 65)

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his favorite. Likes good
guys. Pedro fans for pen
pals.



BARB ROBINSON (18)
Lot #1—Horners Tr. Ct.
Fostoria, OH 44830
Enjoys writing. Her favorite
is Bobo Brazil. Likes good
guys. Anyone for pen pals.



BOB LEVESQUE (15)
RFD 1 Churchill Rd.
Augusta, ME 04330
Likes karate, weights.
Pedro Morales his favorite.
Likes good guys. Morales
fans for pen pals.



MARK DOWNS (20)
1670 Reid Avenue
Xenia, OH 45385
Likes bowling. Mark Lewin
his favorite. Likes good and
bad guys. Girls for PPs.



RAFAEL GARCIA (12)
723 Bayview Avenue
Bellport, NY 11713
Likes roller derby. Pedro
Morales his favorite. Likes
good guys. Anyone for pen
pals.



BUTCH FLETCHER
629 Trube Street
Alton, IL 62002
Likes cars, motorcycles.
Pat O'Connor his favorite.
Likes good and bad guys.
St. Louis fans for PPs.



MATT TREADWELL (11)
627 5th Avenue North
Naples, FL 33940
Collects animals. Jack
Brisco his favorite. Likes
good guys. Boys for pen
pals.



BRIAN BALTZ (12)
4000 Louise St.
Lynwood, CA 90262
Likes boxing, football. John
Tolos his favorite. Likes
good guys. Tolos fans for
pen pals.



DARYL SPETZ (11)
122 Clarence St.
Bradford, PA 16701
Collects coins, old records.
Dom DeNucci his favorite.
Likes good guys. Boys for
pen pals.

PALS



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BILL NEWBERG (10)
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Tampa, FL 33621
Likes baseball. Dory Jr. his favorite. Likes good guys. Anyone for pen pals.



GEORGE JUSTINIANO (10)
283 Columbia Street
Brooklyn, NY 11231
Collects baseball cards. Pedro Morales his favorite. Likes good guys. Anyone for pen pals.



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Temple City, CA 91780
Enjoys basketball. Ray Mendoza his favorite. Likes good and bad guys. Girls for pen pals.



SANDRO SERGIO (17)
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Woodstown, NJ 08098
Likes to swim. Mil Mascaras his favorite. Likes good and bad guys. Girls for pen pals.



EDWARD STRAIN (14)
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Milwaukee, WI 63212
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ROBERT JOHANSIN (13)
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Likes all sports. Dr. X his favorite. Likes good guys. Girls for pen pals.



NINA RIEDER (18)
3671 Main Street
Winnipeg, Canada
Plays guitar and sings. Billy Robinson her favorite. Likes good and bad guys. Anyone for PPs.



GARY SMITH (13)
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Port Jefferson, OH 45360
Likes track, football. Mighty Igor his favorite. Likes good and bad guys. Girls for pen pals.



LARRY YINGER (17)
Route 1
South Portsmouth, KY 41174
Collects baseball cards. Dory Jr. his favorite. Likes good guys. Girls for pen pals.



JOHN ANDRASKO (23)
2350 15th Street
Akron, OH 44314
Plays the organ, likes to cook. Jumpin' Bill his favorite. Likes bad guys. Girls for PPs.



MARK NOTO (11)
269 Sackett St.
New York City, NY 11231
Likes model cars. Sonny King his favorite. Likes good and bad guys. Girls for pen pals.



LENORA WILLIAMS (14)
818 Crest Street
Columbia, SC 29203
Likes wrestling books. Apollo her favorite. Likes good guys. Anyone for pen pals.



ALAN BAKER (10)
8312 Santa Felane
Overland Park, KS 66213
Likes football. The Sheik his favorite. Likes good and bad guys. Anyone for PPs.



GLEN TOWNSEND (20)
SOD 3441—Box 3221
Lowry AFB
Denver, CO 80230
Likes to read, cook and box. Favorite is Sailor Art Thomas. Likes good guys. Anyone for pen pals.



JOE FRANKOWSKI (14)
101 Moonachie Ave.
Moonachie, NJ 07074
Enjoys horseback riding, hockey. Chief Strongbow his favorite. Likes good guys. Anyone for pen pals.

J.C. DYKES! (Continued from Page 31)

and he started swinging at everybody. Things finally got settled down, but while we were wrestling, one of the Infernos passed the crutch into him and he started belting Kozak, Romero and myself with it. They really did a job on poor Romero... split his skull... knocked him unconscious and threw him out of the ring and into the crowd. That's what triggered the riot.

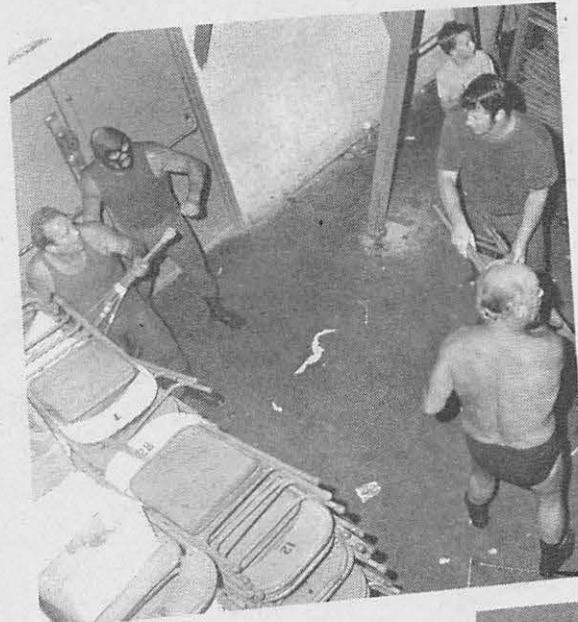
"Suddenly there were people all over the place and I couldn't find Kozak or Romero. I saw Dykes and his boys heading out of the ring and I couldn't figure out where they were going since the dressing room was in the other direction. I followed them, trying to calm everybody down. The cops were sensational. They stopped everyone before anything could get started. But that idiot Dykes had to hit me with the crutch again—just as we'd gotten everything under control—and that set 'em off again. Terry ran in to protect me and grabbed a chair. The next thing I knew Dykes and the Infernos disappeared out a side door."

And did anybody try to lynch J. C. Dykes?

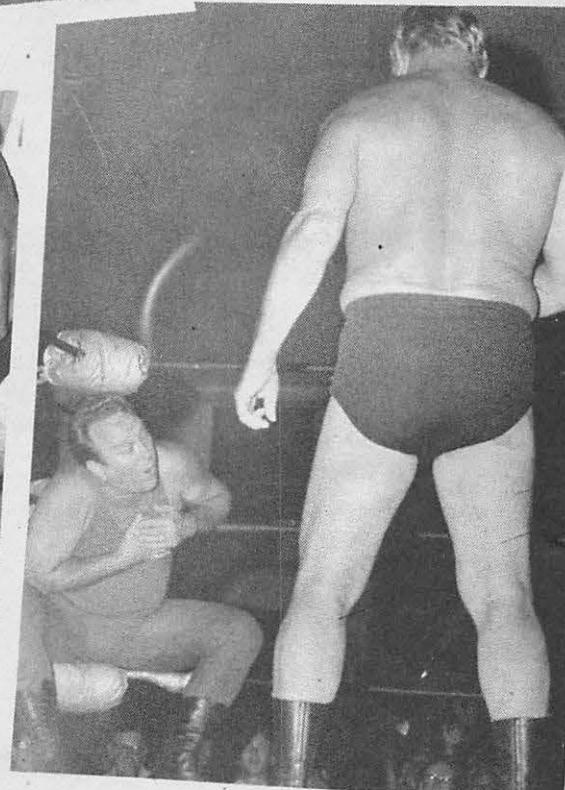
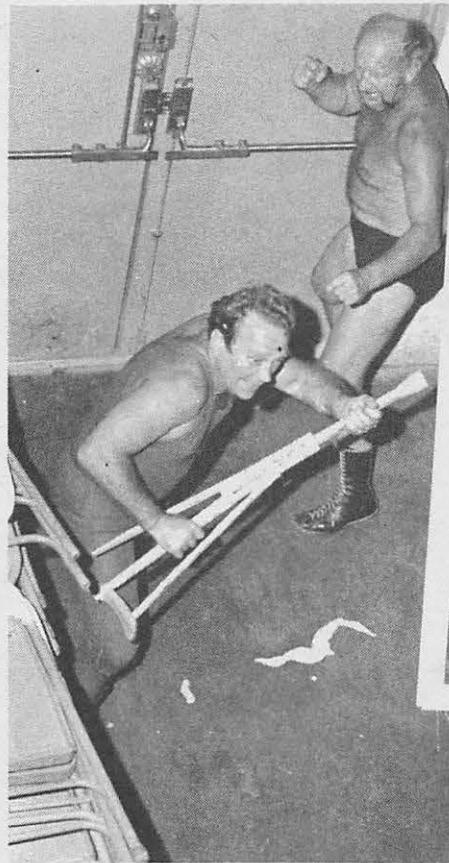
"That, I'm afraid," said Funk, "is only a figment of Dykes' over-active imagination. He thinks we're back in the 1800's. He was so terrified he probably really thinks he saw people coming at him with ropes. I'll tell ya' one thing, though. He got these people riled enough to warrant lynch talk. But we don't do that around here any more."

Interviews with some of the police involved in the riot did bring up some interesting observations. A number of officers admitted they heard a few people yelling 'String 'em up!' and 'Lynch 'em!' but they all said it was just talk and some fans always yell that at villains. Nobody (except Dykes) remembers seeing anybody with a rope. Still, that didn't help Dykes any.

"If they weren't coming after us why'd the cops have to hold 'em back?" he wanted to know. "They can play it down as much as they want because maybe it's bad publicity for them to admit that their fans are animals and it's not safe for wrestlers to appear there. But I, J. C. Dykes, and my Infernos know the truth! If they'd have been able to get at us they'd have lynched us!"



Dory Sr. and his son Terry reach Dykes before the crowd does but J.C.'s just as terrified. Yup, Terry used that chair he's holding on both J.C. and the remaining member of the Infernos. J.C. was finally able to escape via the door behind him.



Dykes will do anything to throw his opponent off-guard—and that includes pulling a fake heart attack (above). It didn't work. Left: Poor J.C. He doesn't know whether to watch Dory Sr.—or that howling mob of angry Texans.

Dykes insists he's not through with Dory Sr. yet. But now he wants him to come to his area. "I was man enough to go to his territory," J. C. stated, "and now I want to see if he's man enough to wrestle me outside of Texas. I doubt if he is. Let's see him come to Tennessee or Alabama or Louisiana where the J. C. Dykes fans

are. I can guarantee him that the people who love J. C. Dykes and the sensational Infernos will treat him better than his Texas fans treated us... although it's understandable if they didn't after what happened to us. At least the J. C. Dykes and Infernos fans don't go around trying to lynch people!" □

THE MAN WHO NEARLY KILLED THE SHEIK

(Continued from Page 37)

right after him. A wild battle broke out and they crashed tables and chairs over each other's heads. Again Firpo applied the bearhug. And this time it appeared as if The Sheik was ready to give up. But just as he nodded his head up and down—Farouk sneaked up behind Firpo and threw salt in his eyes!

The burning was unbearable. Firpo dropped the Arab and pressed his fingers to his eyes as he rolled around the floor in agony. The Sheik was picked up by Farouk and rolled under the bottom rope back into the ring. "Count!" ordered Farouk. And the referee did. And Firpo couldn't get back in time. Once again he'd thrashed The Sheik only to be disqualified!

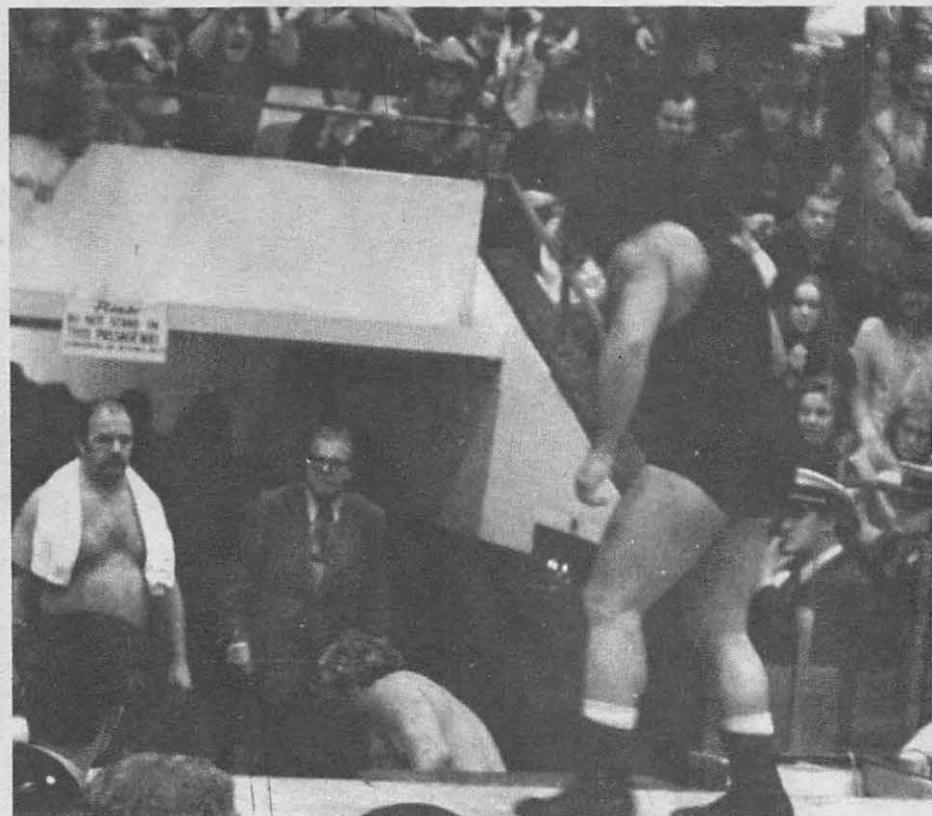
Promoter Tunney was livid with rage. "That was the worst display of sportsmanship I've ever seen," he said about Farouk's actions, "and if The Sheik does not agree to another rematch he'll never wrestle in Toronto again!"

And so The Sheik, who by now wanted no part of Firpo, was forced to meet him yet again. And to make sure there wouldn't be a repeat performance of the last incident, Tunney, on Firpo's suggestion, ruled that this meeting would be a "Jungle Chain Match"—a match invented in the country of Firpo's birth, Argentina!

Both men would wear a leather chain around their necks. Attached to the collars would be a length of 12-foot chain. "You see," Firpo told Lord Layton during a TV interview, "I have a 22-eench neck. I can easily trap The Sheik een my arms and I guarantee everyone that thees time there weel be no escape for Meester Sheik from my bearhug."

Pampero entered the ring holding the chain. He received a riotous welcome. But when The Sheik came in it was apparent Farouk neglected to tell him it would be a "Jungle Chain Match." He refused to allow the leather collar to be put around his neck and tried to run back to the dressing room. But with the help of two referees and other wrestlers the collar was fastened. The Sheik was actually trembling. He looked like a man going to his own funeral!

The Sheik never had a chance. Firpo, an expert at this kind of match,



The Sheik struggles to get up after he fell down the stairs leading to the dressing room. But Pampero Firpo's after him. He dragged him out of the dressing room back in full view of the audience so he could continue his punishing bear hugs. The Toronto fans went nuts!

wrapped the chain around Sheik's neck, holding him immobile, while smashing his powerful fist into Sheik's face. Then he dragged The Sheik around the ring by the neck. Firpo wrapped the chain around the Arab's neck and pulled for all he was worth. The referee warned him but Pampero had gone berserk. He leaped out of the ring holding the chain while The Sheik was pulled around like a child's toy. Again the wild man was soundly pulverizing the most feared man in wrestling. But again he'd been disqualified in the process.

The Sheik wanted no more of Pampero Firpo.

Then, a short time afterwards, a strange thing happened. In Madison Square Garden, Pampero Firpo was wrestling Pedro Morales for the W.W.W.F. championship. And who should be in Pampero's corner? None other than the Grand Wizard—Abdullah Farouk's other identify! How could he be managing the man who nearly killed his champion?

"I could manage two tag teams in the same bout if I wanted to," the

Wizard boasted. "I could manage every wrestler in a Battle Royal and handle each man to the best of my ability. A schizophrenic can split his personality into many different personalities. Only someone as great as I, with my computer brain, could do it. And not only that. I tell you here and now that I am going to take The Sheik and I am going to take the Great Pampero Firpo and team them together! They will be the greatest, the most destructive, the deadliest, the most dangerous and feared tag team that ever wrestled. The world tag team championship is as good as mine!"

How did he convince Firpo to team up with the man he nearly killed? We don't know. All we know is that The Sheik's unbeaten streak in Toronto remains intact. However, everyone agrees he could hardly be called a winner in his three matches against Pampero. And if the only man ever to inflict such a terrible beating on The Sheik should ever join him—they could be the single deadliest tag team in wrestling history! □

VON HESS AND VON SHOLT BRAG

(Continued from Page 27)

North America and *both* happening to be in the same arena on the same card, it's the kind of tale that perhaps might go down better if taken with a grain of salt. Still, if that's what they want fans to believe—fine. The important point is that so far the Germans have made good their boast of destroying the other wrestlers who cross their path. They've rampaged from one triumph to another, never letting anyone forget that the "master race" has proven itself once again.

"We will totally dominate wrestling in North America!" Von Sholt bragged to a horde of reporters interviewing him after a match. "And we will do it with skill, intelligence, ruthlessness and blood. We will prove with our face claw, the only hold no wrestler can withstand, that there is no way to stop our attack."

"And if we have to," added Von Hess, "we will grind our victims' skulls into bloody pulp! WE WILL BE VICTORIOUS!"

After seeing them in action over a period of time, one newspaperman wrote that he had never witnessed anything like them. "I've covered professional wrestling for 20 years," he began his story, "and these two are the most cold-blooded, heartless, riot-provoking maniacs I've ever seen.

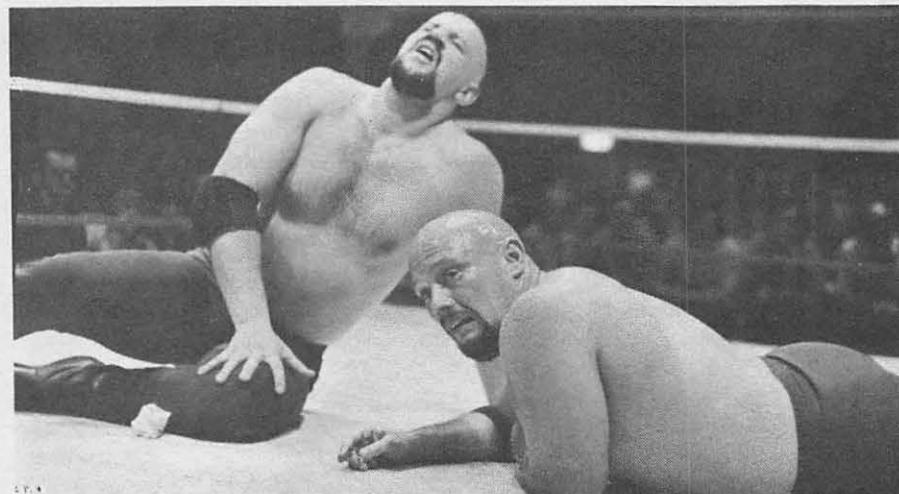
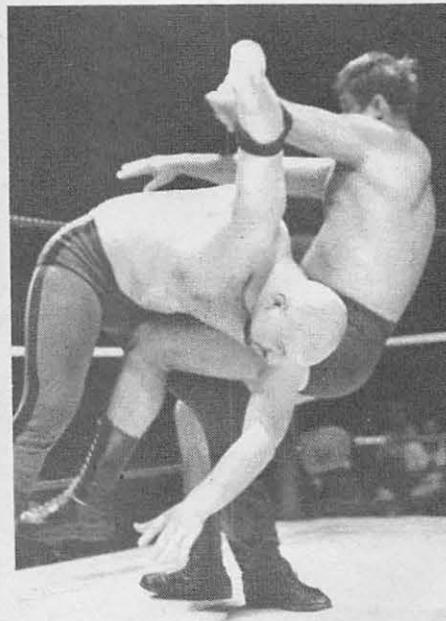
"There's not much argument about the effectiveness of the Teutonic pair either," he continued, "once you've witnessed the gruesome effects of their face claw. Bigger and stronger men have screamed their submission to its deadly force. The ring's most powerful giants have lain unconscious for as much as an hour after steel-strong talons have gouged deep into their temples. The entire strategy of the German pair is to soften their opponents up for this hold. And there has never been anyone—Von Raschke and Fritz Von Erich included—who has so ably mastered the face claw as have these two goose-stepping Nazis."

Von Sholt, a 6-2, 248-pound terror with a voice like gravel, uses his heavy jackboots to stomp opponents into bloody pulps so he can apply the face claw. Another of his favorite maneuvers is a devastating Atomic Skullcrusher. But instead of aiming it at a hard skull—Von Sholt sends his to the back of his poor victim's neck!

Von Hess, a 6-3, 256-pounder who speaks with a heavy gutteral accent,



Gino Brito airplane spins Von Hess (left), but Von Sholt ran in to break the hold. Below: Von Sholt takes Brito's partner, Jacques Rougeau, on a trip to the canvas.



is a master of the piledriver, but much prefers softening his opponents up with a series of brain-busting punches. Their battle plan is simple. They soften up their enemies until they can apply their never-fail torture tactic that insures complete and total victory.

Von Hess and Von Sholt draw no lines between heroes and villains. They attack their opposition the same way. Hans Mortier, who isn't exactly known for his scientific tactics, received one of the worst beatings of his career at the hands of the Germans.

"There is no one who can stop us,"

The "Terrible Teutons" lick their wounds after a particularly tough match with Brito and Rougeau in Montreal. As usual, the German duo torture was disqualified.

bragged Von Hess, "because we are the master race. We are proving our natural superiority day by day. And not only will we wipe out your Canadian and American wrestlers—we will also destroy these pale imitations of real Germans who have been giving us a bad name with their ineptness. We and *only* we represent the Fatherland.

"Beware! The blitzkrieg has begun!!!"

when I planned to retire before fifty

this is the business that made it possible

a true story by John B. Haikey

Starting with borrowed money, in just eight years I gained financial security, sold out at a profit and retired.

"Not until I was forty did I make up my mind that I was going to retire before ten years had passed. I knew I couldn't do it on a salary, no matter how good. I knew I couldn't do it working for others. It was perfectly obvious to me that I had to start a business of my own. But that posed a problem. What kind of business? Most of my money was tied up. Temporarily I was broke. But, when I found the business I wanted I was able to start it on a little over a thousand dollars of borrowed money.

"To pyramid this investment into retirement in less than ten years seems like magic, but in my opinion any man in good health who has the same ambition and drive that motivated me, could achieve such a goal. Let me give you a little history.

"I finished high school at the age of 18 and got a job as a shipping clerk. My next job was butchering at a plant that processed boneless beef. Couldn't see much future there. Next, I got a job as a Greyhound Bus Driver. The money was good. The work was pleasant, but I couldn't see it as leading to retirement. Finally I took the plunge and went into business for myself.

"I managed to raise enough money with my savings to invest in a combination motel, restaurant, grocery, and service station. It didn't take long to get my eyes opened. In order to keep that business going my wife and I worked from dawn to dusk, 20 hours a day, seven days a week. Putting in all those hours didn't match my idea of independence and it gave me no time for my favorite sport—golf! Finally we both agreed that I should look for something else.

"I found it. Not right away. I investigated a lot of businesses offered as franchises. I felt that I wanted the guidance of an experienced company—wanted to have the benefit of the plans that had brought success to others, plus the benefit of running my own business under an established name that had national recognition.

"Most of the franchises offered were too costly for me. Temporarily all my capital was frozen in the motel. But I found that the Duraclean franchise

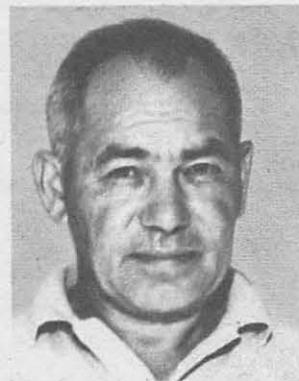
offered me exactly what I had been looking for.

"I could start for a small amount—a little over a thousand dollars—and that amount I could borrow. I could work it as a one-man business while getting a start. No salaries to pay. I could operate from my home. No office or shop rent or other overhead. For transportation I could use the trunk of my family car. (I bought the truck later, out of profits.) But, best of all, there was no ceiling on my earnings. I could build a business as big as my ambition and energy dictated. I could put on as many men as I needed to cover any volume. I could make a profit on every man working for me. And, I could build this little by little, or as fast as I wished.

"So, I started. I took the wonderful training furnished by the company. When I was ready I followed the simple plan outlined in the training. During the first period I did all the service work myself. By doing it myself, I could make much more per hour than I had ever made on a salary. Later, I would hire men, train them, pay them well, and still make an hourly profit on their time that made my idea of retirement possible—I had joined the country club and now I could play golf whenever I wished.

"What is this wonderful business? It's Duraclean. And, what is Duraclean? It's an improved, space-age process for cleaning upholstered furniture, rugs, and tacked down carpets. It not only cleans but it enlivens and sparkles up the colors. It does not wear down the fiber or drive part of the dirt into the base of the rug as machine scrubbing of carpeting does. Instead it lifts out the dirt by means of an absorbent dry foam.

"Furniture dealers and department stores refer their customers to the Duraclean Specialist. Insurance men say Duraclean can save them money on fire claims. Hotels, motels, specialty shops and big stores make annual contracts for keeping their carpets and furniture



fresh and clean. One Duraclean Specialist recently signed a contract for over \$40,000 a year for just one hotel.

"Well, that's the business I was able to start for a little over a thousand dollars. That's the business I built up over a period of eight years. And, that's the business I sold out at a substantial profit before I was fifty."

Would you like to taste the freedom and independence enjoyed by Mr. Haikey? You can. Let us send you the facts. Mail the coupon, and you'll receive all the details, absolutely without obligation. No salesman will ever call on you. When you receive our illustrated booklet, you'll learn how we show you STEP BY STEP how to get customers; and how to have your customers get you more customers from their recommendations.

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YOUR LETTERS

HATES HAWK & HANSON!

Rip Hawk and Swede Hanson are animals. They use the pile-driver for one reason. They want to cripple or kill their opponents. They should be driven out of wrestling. You don't see classy guys like Johnny Weaver or Nelson Royal doing things to inflict serious damage on their opponents. Let's get rid of Hawk and Hanson!

BRIAN MILLS
Richmond, Va.

JOHNNY BE GOOD

In the August issue of INSIDE WRESTLING, Lin Lorimer really did a great job reporting a "women's eye view" of Johnny Valentine. She asked, "Is he a good guy or a bad guy?" I think he's a good guy. Look at the wrestlers he's beaten—The Pro, Bearcat Wright and others. They are known bad guys. It took a good guy like Johnny to run them out of town!

JACQUELINE WATTS
Jacksonville, Fla.

HE'S AN ANIMAL

How could anyone in his right mind think Johnny Valentine is a good guy? He's a vicious animal. That man doesn't know the meaning of the word "wrestling." All he does is bite, kick and try and draw as much blood from his opponent as possible. He makes me sick!

CAROL LIGHTER
Detroit, Mich.

WHO'S THE REAL BOSS?

I just witnessed the most horrible match I've ever seen. Just recently, Black Gordman wrestled his former partner Goliath. The terms were that the winner would be boss over the other. Well, Goliath won. A few days later Gordman wrestled Dory Dixon—the match I'm speaking of. It started

out clean. All of a sudden Goliath ran into the ring and ordered him to wrestle dirty or his wrestling license would be revoked—as stated in their original contract. So Gordman bit, gouged and wrestled Goliath's way. It was terrible. How much longer will he have to keep this up?

CHARLES S. BIENER
Far Rockaway, New York



Baron Von Raschke claims Karl Kramer isn't good enough to make his "10 Most Wanted" list.

HEIL VON RASCHKE!

In the June issue of INSIDE WRESTLING you showed Baron Von Raschke's "10 Most Wanted List." Then in the July/72 WRESTLER, Von Raschke claims that Karl Kramer is a phony. How come he's not on the 10 Most Wanted List? Could he be number 11?

RONALD PRICE
Glendale, Calif.

DISGUSTING CHAMPS

I'm so happy I could cry. Those bums, Killer Kowalski and Kenji Shibuya, lost the Americas tag team title to Raul Mata and Ray Mendoza! Kowalski and Shibuya didn't deserve the title in the first place because they wrestle like animals. Mata and Mendoza are scientific. They are tops!

JOE and MARY GALANTE
Bronx, New York

HAYSTACK GOT A LIFT—TWICE!

The July WRESTLER was great. I really enjoyed Haystack Calhoun's life story. However, I did find a mistake. You stated Bruno Sammartino was the only man to ever lift Haystack. As much as I love Bruno I must inform you that Don Leo Johnathan lifted Haystack off his feet—when Haystack first started wrestling. I was sitting at ringside and ran like hell for fear he'd drop him on me!

DERRICK MILLS
Toronto, Canada

A.W.A. THE GREATEST?

I don't see why your magazines don't have more articles about A.W.A. wrestlers. After all, they are the finest wrestlers in the world. Most of our wrestlers could beat Funk Jr. and Morales and still have enough breath to beat the other top contenders. Let's see more A.W.A. please!

TOM VOLLMER
Menasha, Wisconsin

WACKY WALDO

I think Waldo Von Erich is disgusting. Recently Bruno Sammartino was given a gold watch by a little girl. He thanked her with a kiss. All of a sudden—out of nowhere—Waldo Von Erich sneaked up on Bruno, when his back was turned, grabbed the watch, threw

(Continued on page 59)

SAVES UP TO 2 GALLONS OF GAS EVERY HOUR!

And Gives You Up To 25% More Horsepower Doing It!

How? By eliminating "Fuel-Pump Slop-Over"! And thus feeding your car up to 25% LESS gas (as much as two gallons an hour in heavy stop-and-go driving) . . . at the same exact time that it gives you up to 25% MORE Horsepower doing it!

Like this . . .

WHAT DOES THIS MEAN TO YOU? Just this—

- Up to 8 miles MORE per gallon—INSTANTLY!
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- Skyrocket passing power—INSTANTLY!
- Up to 10 miles more per hour top speed—INSTANTLY!
- And up to \$100 a year savings on your repair bills alone—INSTANTLY . . . and for as long as you drive that car!

What does it cost you? Less than a new set of spark plugs! Less than five cents for every dollar you can save on gas bills THIS YEAR ALONE!

And how does it work? As simple as this—

Stops Your Fuel-Pump From Over-Feeding Your Engine One Minute . . . And Starving It The Next!

Your car, like every other car, stores its gasoline in a gas tank . . . and then draws that gas out of that tank and feeds it to your engine with a fuel pump. This fuel pump was invented over fifty years ago! It is a mechanical idiot! It has no brain—just a pump! And therefore, it always feeds your engine THE SAME EXACT AMOUNT OF GASoline, whether you're going 40 miles an hour in dead traffic . . . or sputtering past another car at eight miles an hour!

Think about it for a moment! The way gas is fed into your engine today, when you're pulled up for a light your engine is being flooded with gas that it can't possibly burn! (That's why stop-and-go driving is so incredibly expensive—because most of your gas goes right out the tailpipe.) Then when you pick up speed again to turn onto a highway, your engine is still wasting a little less gas at 20 miles an hour . . . wasting a little less gas at 30 miles an hour . . . and finally getting just the right amount of gas for top performance at about 40 or 50 miles an hour!

And then, if you go over 50 miles an hour . . . if you really want to zoom away at 60, 70 or 80 . . . or if you need "instant-muscle" to flash away from another car on a curve . . . then your "idiot fuel pump" STILL gives you the same exact amount of gas it fed you when you were going 40 miles an hour LESS—and leaves you puffing and puffing with your neck stuck out, as though that car was 20 years old and carrying a ton of cement!

IT COULD COST YOU YOUR LIFE ON A BAD CURVE! IT DOES COST YOU UP TO \$100 A YEAR ON WASTED GAS ALONE! AND IT CAN ALL BE CORRECTED—IN JUST FIVE MINUTES WITH A SCREWDRIVER—LIKE THIS . . .

Now, just picture the startling difference with this ED ALMQVIST MINI-Injector on your engine—

As you can see by the photo above, the MINI-Injector is small enough to hold in your hand. It slips right on to your engine, between the carburetor and the engine. A 2-year-old boy can fit it on perfectly, using nothing more than a screwdriver, even if he never opened the hood before. But once he's done . . . and once you switch on that engine again . . . you're going to HEAR the difference—and FEEL the difference—from the very first second that engine ROARS to life again!

Yes! ROARS to life again! Because this is a NEW TYPE OF ENGINE you're driving with from now on! An engine that operates at absolutely . . . gas delivery every single driving second! THAT DOESN'T GET ONE DROP OF GAS IT DOESN'T NEED . . . AND DOESN'T WASTE ONE OUNCE OF POWER THAT IT CAN DELIVER TO YOUR WHEELS!

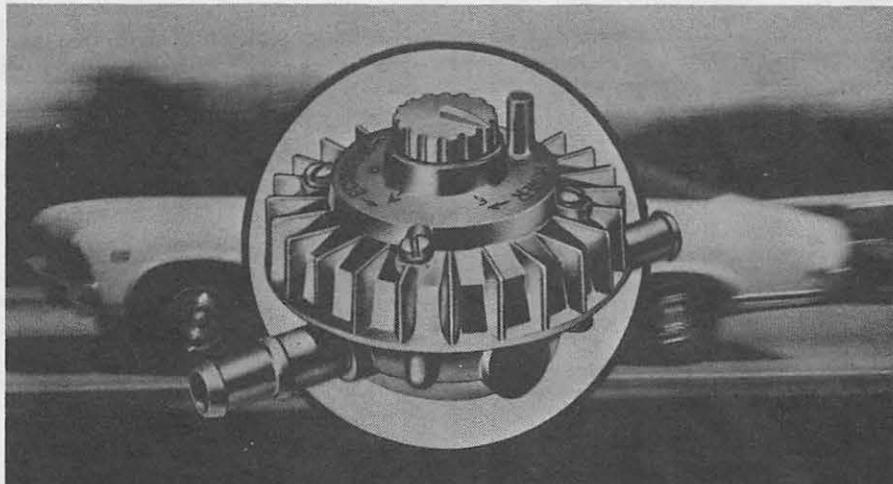
And this fact shows up for you the instant you start your car! Because—even on freezing mornings when you're hard in the switch . . . that engine is running with power! Why? Because now there's no gas-flood at all. The walls of that cold engine aren't being choked up with raw gas that keeps the spark from catching fire . . . and that then drains out into your tailpipe, exactly as though you poured it right on the ground!

Now at this time—THEY ENGINE EXACTLY HOW MUCH GAS IT NEEDS TO START! And the MINI-Injector will do that! And pump to deliver JUST THAT QUANTITY OF GAS, AND NOT ONE DROP MORE!

You're off in less time than it takes a second passenger to close the door! And you're about to take the most thrilling ride of your entire driving life!

You Would Never Have Believed That Your Engine Could Deliver Power Like This! AND ALL AT A SAVING OF ONE GALLON OUT OF EVERY FIVE!

Now pull into the street and start cruising up to the first traffic light. You'll notice instantly that your foot sits lighter on the pedal . . . that your engine sounds silken-smooth . . . that it's practically



floating up to that light, even though it was stone-cold only a few short seconds ago.

There's no coughing, or stalling or bucking—even in those first cold minutes. And when you pull up to the light, and put your foot on the brake, your engine will tone right down to a contented purr. It will be quieter than you've ever heard it before, without the slightest shiver in the rest of the car itself. Because now that engine is NOT trying to burn off excess gas! Not trying to jerk away from your brakes! NOT letting you know every waiting second that you're pouring money out of its tailpipe!

Now the light changes to green. Wait a second, and then carefully place your foot back on the gas pedal. Make sure to give it LESS pressure—THIS TIME—than you ever did before! BECAUSE THAT FOOT IS GOING TO GIVE YOU MORE BLAST-OFF POWER FROM THAT CAR THAN YOU'VE EVER KNOWN BEFORE! AND YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO SPEND A DAY OR TWO GETTING USED TO IT!

Prove It At The Lights! Prove It On The Hills! PROVE IT ON THE HIGHWAY—BY FLOATING RIGHT PAST OTHER CARS WHEN YOU WANT TO!

From that moment on, driving becomes a totally new experience for you! Because your car suddenly acts like an athlete—instead of a fat overfed fool!

Now you're not fouling that car with too much gas 80 per cent of

HERE'S HOW IT WORKS!

Here's how it saves you up to one gallon out of five—at the same time that it gives you the most power-packed ride of your life!

Think of this MINI-Injector as having two main parts. The first is a "Miniature brain." And the second is an extra fuel pump connected right on to the brain.

Now, what happens when you put this MINI-Injector onto your engine? The miniature brain automatically senses the exact amount of gas your engine needs at every driving second (it does this by measuring the vacuum pressure within that engine from second to second).

Your fuel pump, on the other hand, has no such measuring device. So it never knows how much gas your engine really needs. So it simply delivers the same amount of gas to that engine, no matter how hard, or how easy that engine is working!

But now MINI-Injector takes over! And if your fuel pump is delivering TOO MUCH gas to that engine, MINI-Injector blocks that extra gas with its own fuel pump—sends it back and holds it under compression until your carburetor calls for more gas!

Or, when your fuel pump is delivering TOO LITTLE gas to your engine (for example, when it's a life-or-death case of passing another car on a curve), MINI-Injector skyrockets its own fuel pump into action, and shoots in that extra gas your engine needs. THE VERY SECOND IT NEEDS IT!

So you save the money you want—and you get the power you need—EVERY MINUTE YOU DRIVE!

Prove it yourself, entirely at our risk, today!

the time! Now you're not splashing your plugs . . . eating away your valves . . . corroding your cylinders . . . or draining power out of your engine for every mile you drive!

Now, instead, for perhaps the first time in your life, you are sitting behind the kind of lean, tough, instant-response engine that only sports-car drivers knew before! An engine that flattens hills right down at the mere touch of your foot! That takes off screaming at the lights, cornering like you want to . . . leaves other cars sitting behind you, choking in your dust!

An engine that simply glides past other cars at 70 . . . 80 . . . 90 miles an hour—whenever you want to walk away from them! And that has so much reserve power left that you KNOW that there's no jam you can get into on the highway that it can't zoom you right out of the lightest touch on your foot!

And most important of all—STILL USING EVERY THRILL-PACKED SECOND ONLY THE EXACT AMOUNT OF GAS THAT IT NEEDS AT THAT INSTANT—AND NOT ONE SINGLE DROP MORE! So that the gas savings pile up—day after day . . . week after week . . . month after month! Till you've put a \$20 bill back in your pocket . . . a \$50 bill back in your pocket . . . a \$100 bill back in your pocket—all from a simple little "engine-brain" that costs you originally less than a single set of spark plugs!

Prove Every Word Of It At Our Risk!

Far More Power On Far Less Gas

From The Very First Second—Or We Send

Every Cent Of Your Money Back!

And what's the cost for all this performance and all these savings? Only \$11.98 complete—less than this MINI-Injector can save you in your very first month!

And you try it entirely at our risk! Just slip it on, and measure the result! You'll be thrilled from the very first take-off—or every cent of your money back!

No ifs, ands or buts! It works for YOU, or it costs you nothing! Why not send in the No-Risk Coupon . . . today!

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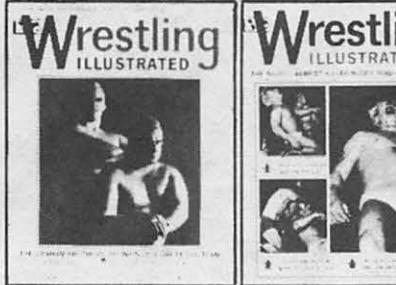
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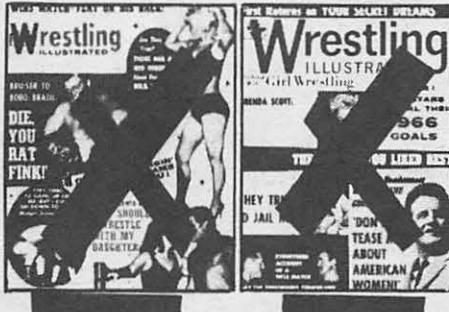


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THE WRESTLER WHO GOT SPANNED

(Continued from Page 33)

"He deserves it," Bonnie said. "He's a dirty wrestler. I wouldn't even talk about some of the things he tries to do. And she's no better. To tell the truth, I was hoping he'd haul off and belt her so Willie and I could lean back and watch the two of them try to take each other apart. They could have lost two matches tonight. The one they lost to us and one they lost to each other."

"I expected something like that to happen," Wee Willie added. "Those two just plain don't like each other. Every time they team up they wind up arguing with one another. It's a real battle. Then one of 'em feels sorry about it and apologizes and they're back in the ring together again. The next match, without fail, they're battling."

"I remember one match when she slapped his face so he kicked her in the shins. I thought for sure they'd murder each other. The next night they were wrestling again, as friendly as can be."

Billy The Kid admitted that he and his partner have their disagreements. But he says it's hard to find too many girls who enjoy mixed matches and wrestle in the same style as June.

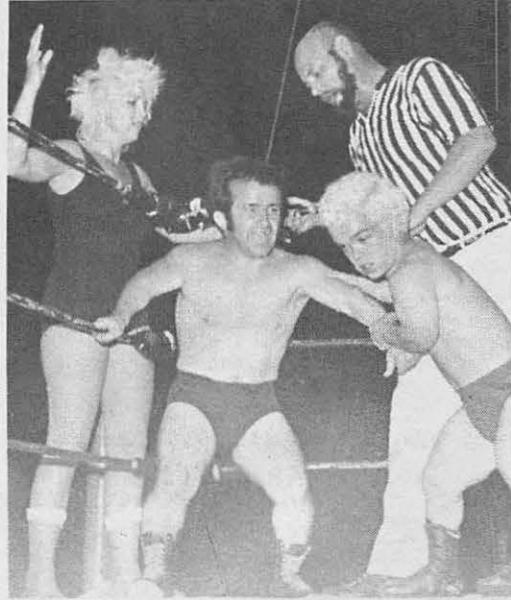
"Sure, we may fight and all that," he noted, "but when I'm in trouble out there she'll risk her neck—rules or no rules—to bail me out. Also, she doesn't mind belting people around, a style I like myself."

Many midget wrestlers feel guilty about belting the girls around and many girl wrestlers feel the same way about the midgets. Therefore, these matches can sometimes become dull. But not with Billy in there.

"I figure if a girl is in that ring with men she's got to expect the same punishment a man gets," he explained. "If I get the opportunity—and the referee isn't looking—you can bet your boots I'll pop my opponent one in the mouth—man or woman."

"That's one thing you can say about Billy," Wee Willie chuckled, "he does treat everyone the same. Like dirt. Sooner or later it had to catch up with him and tonight it did. Heck, he got off lucky. She only hit him about five or six times. I was hoping she'd burn his behind for about five minutes."

One reason for the spanking, according to Bonnie Watson, was that this wasn't the first time Billy screwed



Wee Willie Wilson and Bonnie Watson have Billy trapped in their corner. All around, it was a bad night for ol' Bill.

ed up when teamed with June.

"We wrestled them about two weeks ago in northern Florida," she recalled, "and he cost them the match. June and I were both bouncing off the ropes trying to body block each other. We crashed in the middle of the ring and fell near their corner. We were both pretty much out of it. We were flat on our backs. Billy got the bright idea to climb to the top rope and jump down on me with one of those Atomic Drops some wrestlers use. Well, his aim was a little off. Sure enough, he wound up crashing onto June's chest, knocking the wind out of her. When I recovered she was still out of it and I just had to lie across her shoulders to pin her."

"When she finally got herself together I thought she'd kill him. When she didn't I was surprised. That's when I realized that she didn't know it was Billy who'd landed on her. So naturally I told her. He admitted it and she blew her stack. I guess when he smashed into her tonight it was too much for her to take—especially after that other incident. So she spanked him."

Despite all this, Billy The Kid and June Peterson remain a tag team for mixed matches. He probably figures he has nothing else to lose by now. Once you've been spanked in front of 6,000 people—there's not much more in the way of embarrassments that can happen to you.

YOUR LETTERS

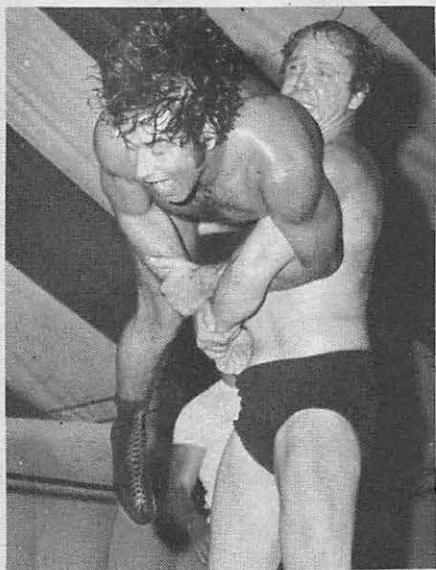
(Continued from Page 56)

it on the floor, and smashed it with his boot. How horrible! I can't wait until Bruno gets this inhuman monster in the ring and ends his career for good!

MICHELLE McBRIDE
Buffalo, New York

BRISCO'S PROBLEM

What a great story and fabulous pictures you had about the recent classic battle between Jack Brisco and Dory Funk Jr. I am an ardent fan of Jack's and really think it's going to take a helluva lot of money for Funk Jr. to accept a re-



Many fans think the match in Florida between Jack Brisco and Dory Funk Jr. could wind up as the "Match of the Year."

match. I hope Jack does get another title shot soon. He's at the peak of his career.

MIKE BORELLO
West Palm Beach, Fla.

REALLY—THOSE RATINGS!

Your rating system is unfair. The ratings as I see them are slanted toward the east coast. I have a simple system that's easy and fair. It should be like this: World champ, Americas champ, United States champ, World champ top contender, Americas top contender, U.S. top contender. How's that sound?

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HERE'S WHAT'S HAPPENING, BABY

(Continued from Page 12)

cine. I never enjoyed wrestling dirty but against this man I admit I really did!"

In the May issue of THE WRESTLER, we did a feature story called, "The Making Of A Professional Wrestler." The man featured was Joe Nova—a good, clean, scientific wrestler. Well, we've been flooded with mail from all over the east coast. Joe has become a hated villain! That's right. We found this very hard to understand—so we spoke to Joe after a recent match in Philadelphia.

"What can I say," Nova shrugged. "I learned a lesson. You can't get a title shot if you go by the rules. The promoters only give the roughest contenders title matches. So I'm going to prove I'm meaner than all of them. That includes Pampero Firpo, George Steele and King Curtis! I'll get a title shot real soon. Just you wait!"

Nova has just returned from a two-month tour of Japan and reports from the Orient indicate that he's gotten real mean. Look out, Morales!

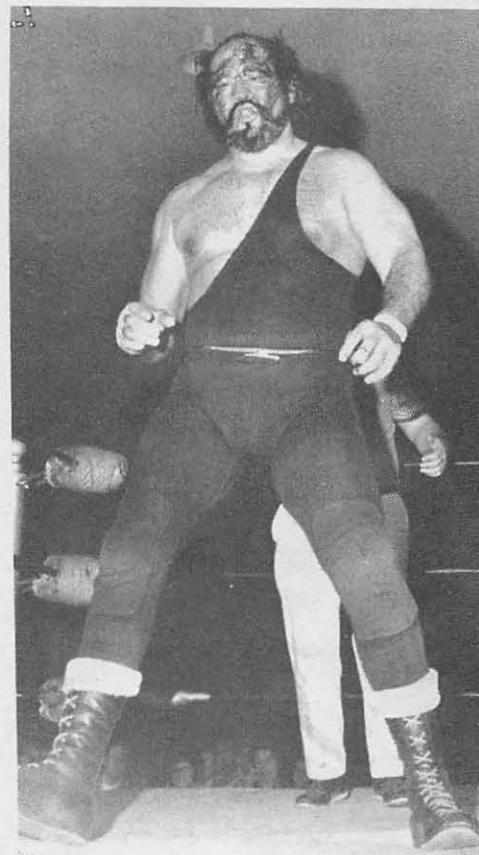
Australian rings are crammed full of great American wrestlers. Such stars as Dewey Robertson, Mark Lewin and Tarzan Tyler are wowing the people "from down under" ... Ben Justice and The Stomper have called it quits for awhile and are concentrating on single matches ... Buck Ramstad and Duncan McTavish are busy trying to get a rematch with Bulldog Brown and Emir Akabar. The last bout ended in a double disqualification and Ramstad and McTavish would like to settle which team's best as soon as possible ... Luke Graham off to Japan after losing a "loser leave town" match to Dominic Denucci in Buffalo, New York ... The Fargo Brothers continue to wipe out all competition. They're getting set for a world-wide tour ... The Great Mephisto mysteriously left Florida and turned up in northern California just a few days later.

Jerry Brisco is the new Eastern States Champion after upsetting Rip "The Profile" Hawk. Hawk, incidentally, won the title from Jerry's brother Jack a few months ago ... The Fabulous Kangaroos would love to get their hands on the team calling itself "The Royal Kangaroos." "They're bloomin' phony chaps." Al Costello claimed ... Stan "The Man" Stasiak and Johnny Valentine are in the midst of a boiling feud. Each claims to have invented the skullcrusher as well as the heart punch ... Don Curtis and Eddie Graham vs. The Funks, Dory Sr. and Terry, proved to be a great match at a recent Madison Square Garden show. Fans really dig 'em!

It's official, gang! Goliath now owns

Black Gordman! Gordman, who wished to wrestle by the rules, lost a "who becomes the boss" match to Goliath. Now, like it or not, he's got to go back to his old vicious style as stipulated in the contract. If Gordman decides not to follow Goliath's orders, he'll be banned from wrestling in California!

Rumors have been circulating all over Texas that Ciclon Negro is dead. Well, they're false. Negro, after wrestling Dory Funk Sr. in a Texas Death Match which lasted one hour and 44



Ciclon Negro is not dead—as some rumors claim. He left for Tokyo after his marathon bloodbath in Texas against Dory Funk Sr.

minutes, was so exhausted that he took off for Japan shortly after the match—and he's still vacationing there!

"That shows who's the real man," Funk Sr. quipped when he was told of Negro's whereabouts. "I was wrestling the next day. I hope he stays there! Maybe he'll catch his breath in a year or two."

"Dr. X is still hearing bells," reports Tim Miller of Ripon, Wisconsin. The Doctor really needed the help of a doctor after his wild brawl with Ray

Stevens. Stevens became so enraged during their battle he broke the bell off the timekeepers table and used it as a battering ram on X's knee! When several wrestlers entered the ring to drag Ray off of him, it was just too late. Stevens had slammed that steel weapon into X's knee so many times he'd broken the bones!

"As soon as I'm released from the hospital," X threatened, "I'll make sure Stevens takes the vacancy I'm going to leave."

Pretty Vicki Williams tells us, "I'm getting closer and closer to winning the World Women's title. A few weeks ago I actually pinned Moolah—but it was in a tag team match. I think I've learned enough about her to beat her next time. I can't wait!"

"She didn't pin me," was Moolah's reply. "She thought she did. The referee was probably one of her boy friends and he gave me a fast count. I've never been pinned!"

Northern California fans are buzzing about the sensational Samoan team wrestling in their area. Tio and Reno are their names and their main goal is to capture the tag team title from Lars Anderson and Paul DeMarco.

"We won't have much trouble doing that," Tio commented. "Reno and I have been working together for many years. DeMarco and Anderson have only been together a few months. Experience will be in our favor. We are sure we'll beat them."

Haystacks Calhoun, Man Mountain Mike and Gorilla Monsoon—watch out! There is a sensational amateur wrestler, Chris Taylor, and he's tipping the scales at 408 pounds! Correspondent David Greenberg reports Chris is seriously thinking of turning pro!

Wahoo McDaniel's most recent bout with Dusty Rhodes was nothing short of the biggest bloodbath Minneapolis, Minnesota fans have seen in ages!

"I was actually glad to see that man—and I use that term loosely—bleeding," Wahoo said in a post-bout interview. "I intend to make every dirty wrestler wish he hadn't stepped into the ring with me."

Verne Gagne almost lost his title to Edouard Carpentier. Ed visited the A.W.A. area just before regaining his Grand Prix title... Baron Von Raschke has acquired Bobby Heenan as his new manager... Gorilla Monsoon has fully recovered after his loss to a plate glass window that fell on him in a Boston, Mass. hotel... Quebec fans recently witnessed an exciting 21-Man-Over-The-Top-Rope Battle Royal! Some of the wrestlers participating were Jean Ferre, Rene Goulet and Tarzan Tyler.

And that's what's happening, baby!
More next month. □

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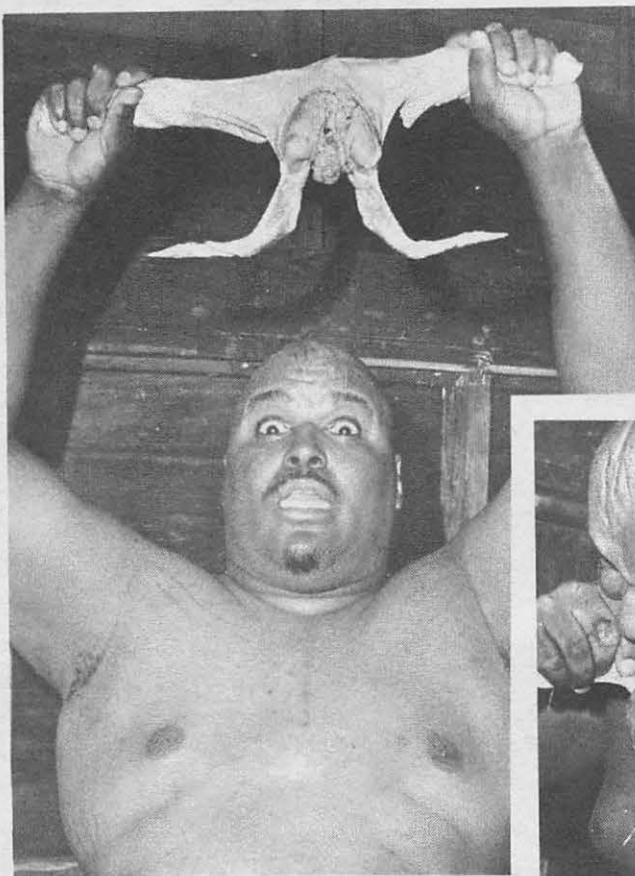
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ABDULLAH THE BUTCHER

(Continued from Page 25)



Dinner with Abdullah. Left: The Butcher holds his victim up in the air and then sinks his teeth into his chosen morsel (below). Bottom: He rips the skin off of the raw chicken with his teeth. Abdullah eats most of his meat without cooking it.



near his locker on the other side of the room, was stuffing some sort of foreign object into his trunks. I yelled to our photographer to take a picture and although Abdullah had no idea about what I was saying—he put my yelling and the photographer taking a photo of the foreign object together and came up with the answer.

So he charged.

The photographer, assuming Abdullah was coming after me, played it cool and kept snapping pictures. I figured I was safe since the logical thing would be for Abdullah to go after the photographer.

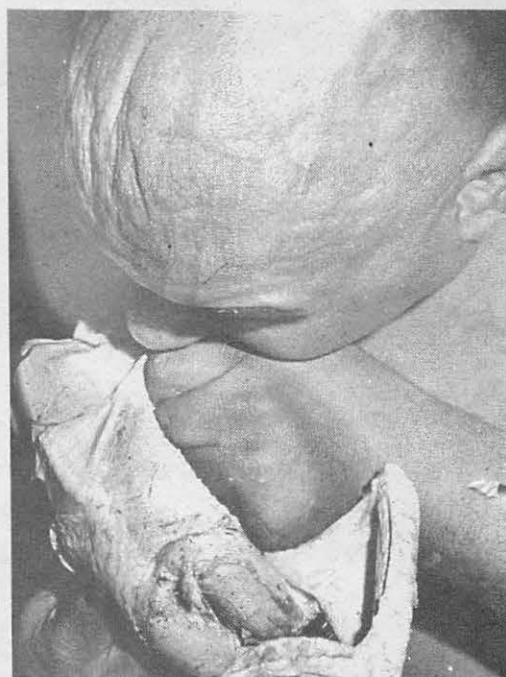
I was wrong.

And it wasn't until I got slammed with a garbage can that the Black Baron called the Butcher off with his whistle.

"Why did you let him hit me with that can?" I asked angrily.

"Why did you allow your photographer to take that picture without my permission?" the Baron replied.

"You people are all alike. You're lucky I didn't let him finish you off. Reporters, wrestlers, promoters, you're all the same. Always trying to make me look bad. Well that won't



happen anymore now that I have Abdullah the Butcher!"

But it wasn't until after Abdullah's match against Bobby Marshall that I really began to understand what the Baron meant when he called his man a crazy animal and a maniac.

Wrestlers traditionally eat their



"I don't believe I ate the whooollllle thing!" That's what a well-fed Abdullah the Butcher seems to be thinking as he uses a splinter torn from a locker room chair as a toothpick! Not everyone can be a gourmet.

big meal of the day after a match. Abdullah didn't waste any time by going to a restaurant. The Baron went over to a cooler, opened it, took out a raw chicken, and tossed it to Abdullah.

It was the most disgusting thing I ever saw. As other wrestlers ran in to watch, Abdullah grabbed the raw chicken by the wings and BEGAN EATING IT!

"I've never seen anything like it," said promoter Pedro Martinez. "After every match the Black Baron throws something at him to eat and he devours it like an animal. It's not always a chicken either. Lamb, turkey, beef, anything. I've even seen him eat raw liver!"

Abdullah ate the outsides and then the insides. Heart, lungs, everything. After a while nobody could watch any longer. It was too disgusting. Then, to top it off, he broke a chair

leg and used the splintered edge as a toothpick!

By this time the Black Baron was screaming that everyone was intimidating his champion and he ordered everyone out of the dressing room. Every wrestler who'd been on the card that night—including Abdullah's opponent, Bobby Marshall—saw the spectacle.

"Do you know I'm actually shaking," Marshall confessed out in the hallway. "I've never seen anything so absolutely disgusting in my whole life. The man's a savage. And to think I was in there wrestling him! My God. I didn't know he was like this. I'm lucky I got out of there alive. He belongs in an insane asylum!"

He certainly does. And if it weren't for the Black Baron's mysterious grudge against wrestling—Abdullah the Butcher might still be there in that asylum where he belongs! □

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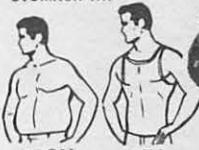
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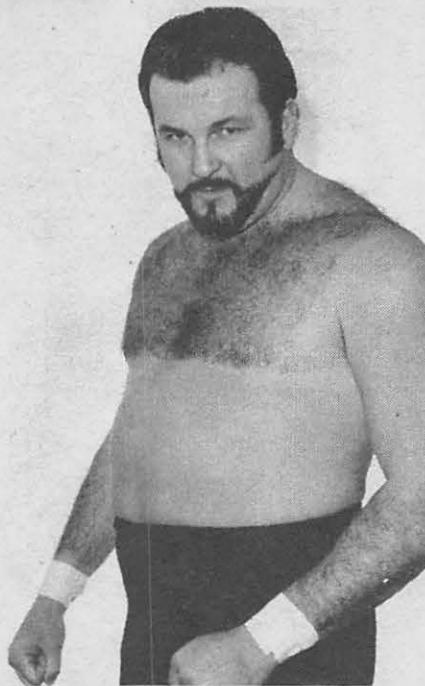
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CORRESPONDENT REPORTS

(Continued from Page 12)



pion Gene Kiniski against Dutch Savage.

Kiniski won the title a week previous to this match. As a matter of fact, it was Steven Little Bear, Savage's tag team partner, who Kiniski won the title from. Gene threw Little Bear over the top rope so hard it's feared the Indian may have a broken neck! Savage was out to win the title of course, but more important—get revenge for his partner.

The first fall saw Dutch Savage give Kiniski one helluva beating. But the tide turned when Gene whipped Dutch into the ropes and caught him on the rebound with a breath-shattering judo chop right to the throat! Savage collapsed and Kiniski pinned him.

The start of the second fall saw Kiniski follow his advantage and try to kill his opponent with vicious judo and karate tactics. But Savage rallied here when he threw his giant adversary out of the ring, went after him, smashed his head into the wooden ring steps—opening a wicked cut on Gene's forehead. Then Savage dragged the champ into the ring, delivered an Atomic Skullcrusher to his throat and pinned him! The next fall could see a new champion!

Savage charged at the winded Kiniski as soon as the bell rang. He threw Gene over the top rope and went after him. That was a mistake. While he was out of the ring the referee was counting. Well, he reached the fatal count of 20 and both wrestlers were disqualified!

But it wasn't over yet. Savage went berserk! He dragged Kiniski back into the ring by the hair and proceeded to beat the livin' daylights out of him.

Dutch Savage got revenge for the beating Gene Kiniski dished out to Dutch's buddy Chief Little Bear when Savage left Kiniski a bloody mess in their madhouse brawl in Vancouver, British Columbia. Savage swears he'll win Gene's Pacific Coast title next.

The bloody Kiniski was left lying in the ring as Savage headed back to the dressing room.

"I got revenge for my friend Little Bear," Savage told reporters after the match. "Next time I'll win the title."

Ray Glenn whipped Jack Bence... Eddie Morrow stopped John Foley with a backbreaker... Big John Quinn proved to be too powerful for Hann Lee... Buck Ramstad and Duncan McTavish slammed the team of Bulldog Brown and Emir Akbar.

JOLTS IN JERSEY By Jon Clark

Asbury Park, New Jersey's Convention Hall was the sight of Toru Tanaka's second try at winning the W.W.W.F. title from Pedro Morales. The first time, in Madison Square Garden, Tanaka claimed he was fouled by the champ.

"Pedro will be glad to give him a rematch," said Gorilla Monsoon, Pedro's manager. "He's not going to let the title get out of the country so easily. Tanaka'll have to kill him to get that belt!"

And try to kill the champ Tanaka did. At one point he put his sleeper hold on Pedro. Morales went out cold—so everyone thought. He was just playing possum. The champ shocked Tanaka as he came out of his sleep and delivered a smashing series of drop-kicks.

Disgusted with what had taken place, the judo expert blew up and began arguing with the referee.

"You knew he wasn't sleeping!" Tanaka charged. "Why you not tell me?"

The official refused to answer the Professor's question. Tanaka, fully frustrated now, slugged the referee and was immediately disqualified!

"He knew he couldn't beat me," Morales commented. "So he got himself disqualified."

In girl action—Debbie Johnson and Vicki Williams stopped Dottie Downs and Paula Kaye.

Lee Wong returned to action and was stopped by the vicious action of "the new" Joe Nova... Sonny King downed Mike "Maniac" Conrad... Mr. Fuji brutally destroyed Arnold Skoaland.

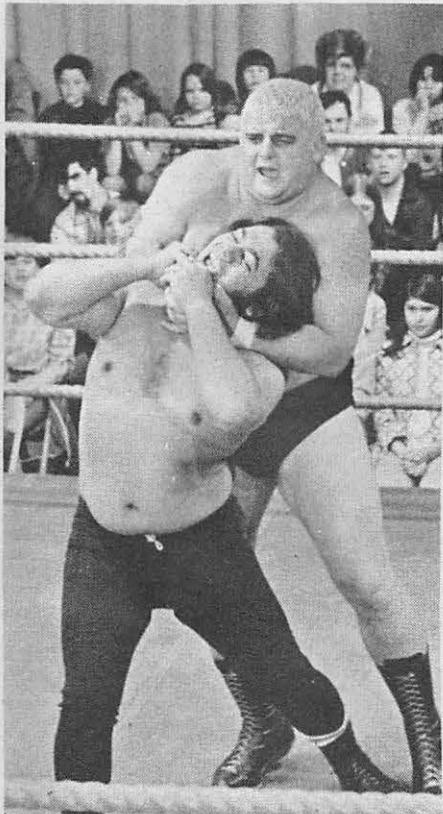
BARRED FROM TV?

(Continued from Page 49)

us. And they never will!"

And how does he feel about possibly being banned from TV.

"It'll never happen," he claimed. "We're the ones the people want to see. They won't stand for us to be banned. If we're not on TV all that'll be left will be bums like Wahoo McDaniel. Who wants to watch him? Larry Hennig and Dusty Rhodes are bigger than the whole television industry! They'll do anything to try



Chinlock? Nope. It's an out-and-out choke hold. Note the absence of a referee. Hennig makes sure he keeps the referees occupied. and stop us. They stopped Murphy and Bernard but they won't be able to stop us!"

People at the TV station are trying to keep Hennig and Rhodes on their telecasts because of the high ratings they get whenever they appear. They even appealed to the two men to tone down their violence but both men refused. Now they have to decide whether the high TV ratings warrant the bad will that goes along whenever the two maniacs appear.

Should Hennig and Rhodes be barred from TV? We'll leave the answer to that up to you. □

BARRED FROM TV?

(Continued from Page 49)

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After you have finished your half of the puzzle, fill in your name and address on the official entry blank, mail it to us along with 25¢ for Postage and Handling and you could be on your way to winning BIG MONEY!

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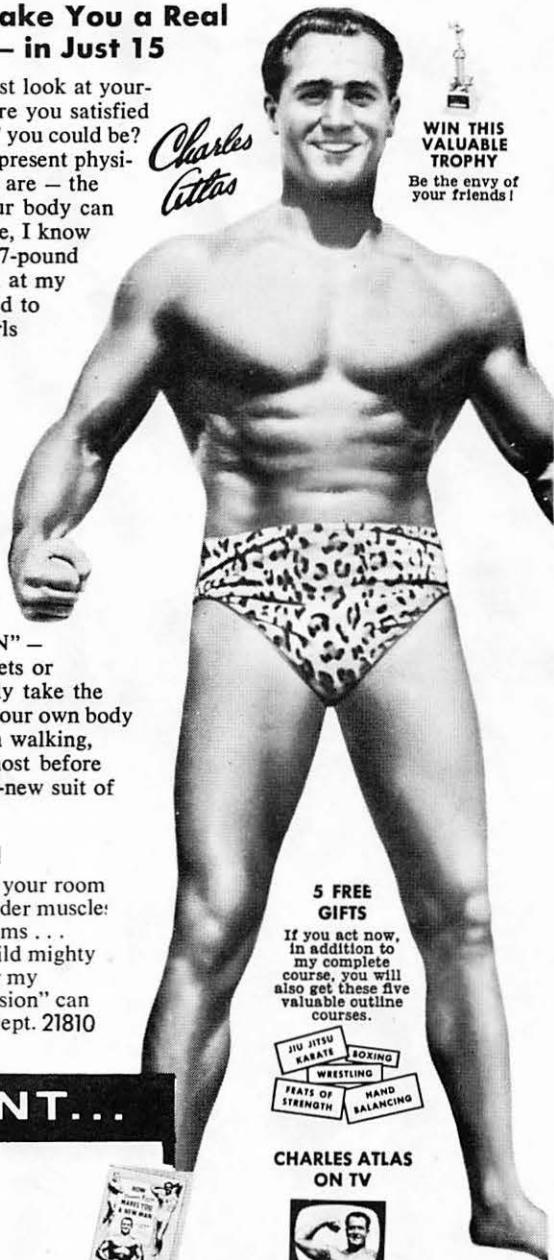
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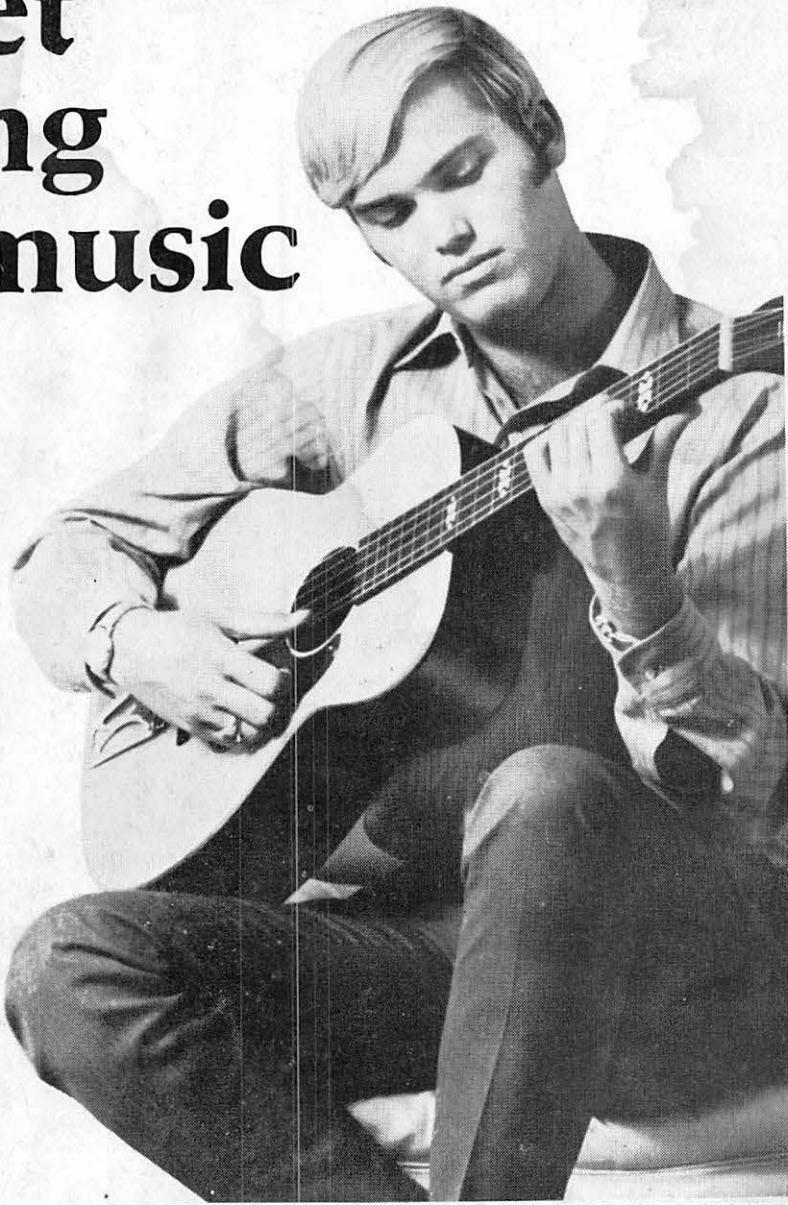
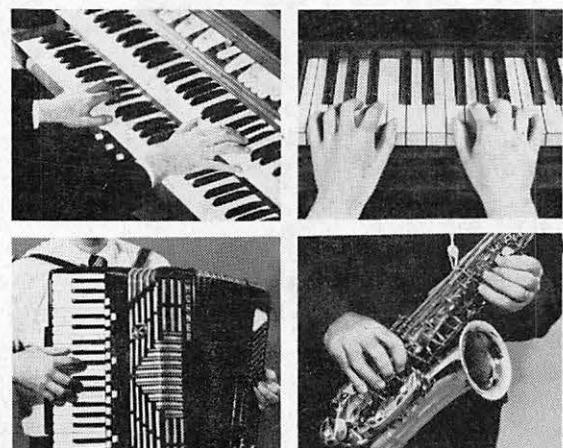
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